




## That's My Kid, My Sunrise

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# **That's My Kid, My Sunrise**

by [Sp00kywashere](#)

## Summary

When the apocalypse started Tommy thought he was going to die the first week. Turns out he lasted longer and with a little companion with him.

Or

Tommy and shroud the spider but add some angst (of course fluff as well)

[Rough start btw! My writing has improved since then I swear!]

## Notes

This is my first ever fic I also have no writing experience! So don't expect much. Also with school just starting updating might be a bit wonky :)

TW! Gore-ish, panic attacks, blood also mentions of breaking bones!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## The beginning-ish

“You think I’ll get sacrificed this house?” Tommy asked in a bored tone.

“Fuck no!, kid I promise this will be a good family. He even adopted two other kids like uh.... You.” Clementine, the person responsible for all of Tommy’s messes. By the way when she means “kids like him” she means troubled kids who just “are a bit too much” or just get placed in too many abusive homes to count (13, he did count). Well he was kinda both.

“Yeah and I’ll make sure to give him hell” Tommy really doesn’t want to be adopted because he knows as soon as he does he’ll fuck it up one way or another. That and family is just overrated he can get by, by himself.

“Trust me seriously, Phil is one of the most kindest people I’ve ever talked to-“ and before Clementine could finish her sentence the car was shaking and, well, *her hand slipped*.

***CRASH***

Everything was blurry and his foot felt tingly, shaking and probably on the brink of passing out if he already didn’t Tommy turned his head. There he saw Clementine.... Dead. There was too much blood for her not to be dead and her- her arms look out of place bones sticking

out and everything. Making it a very sickening sight. Tommy wanted to scream to throw up anything really, because this can't be fucking happening.

Tommy slowly picked himself up from leaning on the airbag slowly looking up to find that they crashed into a tree. Not too far from a small town it seems, he could also make out panicking figures mostly from the... from the.. Earthquake? What the hell happened? Slowly opening the door letting himself out Tommy takes slow steps out of the vehicle feeling hot pain in his left foot.

Tommy looks down to find oh! His foot was broken! Not the broken where the bone was sticking out, the broken that isn't really noticeable unless you have broken something before. Huh good thing for that kid breaking his wrist I guess. Upon his realization though he started to cuss like a storm, from a car accident he's lucky he just broke his foot and didn't end up like Clementine. Tommy doesn't want to think about that anymore.

As Tommy takes steps towards the town all he can wonder is what the fuck is happening, the sky is orange with what looks like a misty greyish greenish fog and all he hears is screaming and faint ringing. With a crappy backpack and a broken foot Tommy did not think this was how he would start the apocalypse.

Finally making it into the town he sees people running, screaming for their lives, he sees people breaking into shops getting all they can get. He then sees monsters in all kinds of shapes and colors some could be recognised from movies and others completely different.

**What the actual fuck.**

Suddenly someone grabs his shoulder causing Tommy to flinch about to swing a punch on instinct before it was stopped. "Kid you need to get out of here!" The man said tugging on his now hold wrist to go the other directions from the monsters. "wha-what the fuck is going on?! What are those th-things!?" Tommy would normally curse himself for stuttering since he's such a big man but currently the pain in his foot seems to be getting worse. Damn adrenaline high wearing off.

"There was a bomb, an explosion whatever! People started Turning into those things probably from radiation or something, no time to explain it all we have to go!" The man rushed out pulling Tommy's wrist harder to get moving until Tommy let out a hiss of pain. "What- oh" the man looked down at Tommy's foot to see that it was broken. "Alright kid I'm

going to carry you, your lucky my family is taking cover in a pharmacy” normally Tommy would complain about being carried like a child but this really isn’t the time.

Being lifted the man runs towards a pharmacy being careful to not drop him but enough to be there almost record time. As they entered the pharmacy Tommy saw multiple people behind shelves freaking out and filling bags with whatever they see in sight. Well others were shaking in fear in the corners. The man put Tommy on the desk as soon as he did Tommy scrambled in a sitting position.

“Wait here I’ll go get some bandages and pain relief” all Tommy could do was nod his head well letting out another hiss of pain. Tommy looked around and as many other silently followed suit shoving medicine and bandages etc in his crappy backpack. Although it looks bad from the outside this thing can surprisingly fit a good amount of shit in it.

The man appeared back in sight about a minute later Tommy then stopped his petty thievery. Listen all though this man is fixing his foot or whatever he doesn’t exactly trust that the man wouldn’t try to steal his shit, plus he can’t exactly leave like the rest of the people who just took shit.

“Alright kid I’m going to need you to bite down on this” the man said (he really need to get this guys name he can’t just keeping calling him ‘the man’) holding up a cloth and- oh he’s going to- “oh” Tommy whispered silently, this really has gone to hell, huh? Taking the cloth and putting it in his mouth Tommy prepared himself as the man gently took his foot. “*Sorry kid*”

***CRACK***

Even with the cloth a muffled scream could be heard thru the store earning a few stares and whispers. Tommy held back tears as much as he could sense he was a ‘Big man’. 15 years old and he had some random stranger fix his foot on the first day of the apocalypse. Said stranger gives Tommy the pain relief he promised and Tommy quickly swallows them not even bothering to ask for a drink just so that the pain would go away. Through adrenaline and pills his foot felt numb once again and Tommy shifted as the man picked up bandages.

“Hmm, what’s your name?” Tommy asked as the man wraps his foot going softer every time Tommy jolts from the pain of it being tight. The man looks up giving a confused look before

sighing and going back to work “Sam, you're not from around here are you?” The ma- *Sam* - said, putting the last of the bandages on his foot.

“Tommy, how can you tell?” Tommy asked with a look of curiosity in his eyes.

“I’m the town's engineer, pretty much everyone knows me. sense you're not around here I’m guessing you don’t know how *this* happened” Sam let out a humorless chuckle, Tommy could tell he was tired. How long has it been? Tommy only hummed in knowledgment and for Sam to go on.

“The bombs dropped about 30 minutes ago-“ ‘ah so he did pass out for a bit’ “-and when they did some people and well some just came out of nowhere turned into those... Those creatures. I’m guessing the radiation only affects some so we'll probably have to stay in till it clears up, also same with the monsters out there too. Where were you when it happened?.”

“Oh uh.. I was with my caseworker or whatever I’m in the uh foster care system going to a new house and all and- sh-she...” before Tommy knew it he started crying, huh the shock ran out I guess, he really watched her die he *saw her dead body*. “Oh god.... Hey, hey shhhhhh it’s okay, it’s okay. Can I uh huh you?” Tommy nodded and felt warm arms pull him into a hug, *when was the last time he had a hug?*

Tommy couldn’t stop panicking, his breath picking up at a rapid rate realizing what he just witnessed. “Hey, hey can you tell me something you see? Shhhhhh it’s going to be okay, you don’t have to finish.” Trying to even his breath with Sam he did notice something he didn’t before, green. “Green” he said without thinking but managing to finally get his shit together. “Go on, what’s green?” Choking on his breath for a second Tommy manage to reply, “Your hair it’s green. Dark green that is. I just realized that.”

“Yeah, yeah it is” Sam separated the hug realizing Tommy calmed down giving Tommy a sad look a one with genuine concern. “Sorry” Tommy whispered in a voice coming off raspy over the mini panic attack. In all honesty Tommy wanted to scream because of how embarrassing that shit is I mean really, your first impression on this guy is a broken foot and a panic attack. “Woah, hey, no you're good. I actually use to work with kids at my old job, that’s kinda how I got the hair” Sam chuckled, Tommy let out a amused huff.

“Really?, I mean a big guy like you? You look like you could be a guard at a high security prison!” Sam laughed lightly at the comment. “Come on i’ll introduce you to my family, or well there’s just Ponk”

**If only moments like that could have lasted longer.**



# Reckless

## Chapter Notes

I still feel like I need to say that I don't have writing experience so don't expect much.

TW: mentions of murder (?), past child abuse

**4 Months** , it's been 4 months. 4 months ago when this shit show happened and only about 3 and a half months ago Tommy was kicked out of the group. Let him explain.

After Sam introduced him to ponk it was pretty nice for a bit he completely forgot about this whole apocalypse but then screaming, realization hit to the people in that pharmacy. And to be fair he thinks that's where it personally went to shit because well... We all know Tommyinnit is never wrong haha.. ha.

But yeah to some the thought of not going back to their fun and perfect lives absolutely terrified them. Now it's a bit different but you'll get into that later. Anyway soon after everyone (mostly Sam and Ponk) calmed the others from having panic attacks or worse trying to kill themselves. People started grouping, Sam became the leader and it was alright for about a week, and then Sam decided to betray him.

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It was probably around 8:00 seeing as the sun was about to set. Sam recently sent 4 people out for supplies for the first time sense we're running out of food. It's a bit tricky to feed 17 people. Tommy was sitting outside watching the sunset as it marks 1 week in the apocalypse, a new life. One without- Clementine without abuse without new homes. It's kinda sad to see the apocalypse turning out better than your actual life.

A wooden bat decorated in all sorts of nails sits by Tommy's side as he watches in hope. Sighing and about to go inside from the night breeze Tommy hears a whimper then a hiss. 'Spider mutant' Tommy thought slowly picking up his bat walking silently to where the sound was made. In the few days of the apocalypse Tommy learned quickly of the creatures

seeing as someone was ripped apart from a monster with inky and rough skin along with a pair of purple eyes.

It seemed friendly at first. It honestly came out of nowhere but was holding... fucking grass? One moment it seemed fine like some random dog the next it let out a horrible screech before attacking and killing one of the members. Someone else has said it was when he looked the thing in the eyes it attacked and when in survival you'll believe anything that will keep you out of danger.

Strangely enough tho only spiders were really the only animal, insect, whatever affected by the fog. Plus you can't take no risk with these fuckers getting in. They may be huge but they're still spiders. Raising his bat as he slowly makes his way around the corner he finds himself stopping before he can get a good swing.

There... was a child there instead?

The child whimpered catching sight of Tommy, as Tommy lowered the bat the kid must have mistook it as an attack and hissed *Like a spider*.

"Hey-hey no, no, no, I'm not going to hurt y-you" Tommy said in a hushed tone slowly putting down the bat to show he wasn't a threat.

Tommy met the kids' eyes well, six of them, all a bright red with the first pair having barely noticeable irises. Now that Tommy looks closer it seems the kid has two extra limbs attached to the bottom half of his body bare with scratches and blood. Their skin being a dark grey and long thick black hair reaching a bit below the shoulders. They wear a black sweater with two holes in the side for the extra limbs and black shorts. Looking human but more spidery? Like one of those hybrids on the tv shows.

"You're not fully mutan?" Tommy said meaning to sound more of a statement but instead comes out as a shaky question.

The spider kid opens their mouth to say something in the process of it showing off fangs that belong to some ravage beast. From the kid noticing Tommy staring at their horrifying teeth they shut their mouth with a ***Snap!*** Letting out another whimper in return. Shaking their head well backing away into the alleyway.

“Hey no uh please... kid I mean no harm” Tommy says in a panic as he notices the kid backing away. “Those are some nasty scratches big man, I can take care of them for you?” And that Tommy could do, he always kept bandages and band aids in his pockets. The kid looked down at his scratches on his arms, then his legs then nervously nodded. Practical crawling over to Tommy, Tommy pulled out his band aids and bandages.

“Can you hold out your uh... second, arm pair?” Nodding the boy lifted his second pair of arms showing off the bruises. In a weird way Tommy felt a impact of nostalgia as he would take care of the younger kids in the foster system who would either be hurt by the “parents” or trip on the sidewalk. Gently wrapping his arms and placing colorful band aids in places were could be just friendly cuts Tommy finished with his arms. “Legs too?” Again the boy nodded.

Sitting with his legs in front of his body and arms holding his balance the kid actually watches in relief. ‘ *When was the last time this kid was shown any support?* ’ Was all Tommy thought as he decided fuck it cover their whole legs in bandages. From the size of cuts it’s amazing this kid was still standing. Tommy smiled looking the kid in the face to find him smiling back. Tommy flinch forgetting he was in the apocalypse and not another abusive home, making the kids smile drop.

“Ah sorry it’s just you’re like a spider...hybrid?” The boy put on a nervous smile before nodding and struggling to stand. “Woah hey maybe don’t do that?! Those were some big cuts man can’t just walk that off.” The spider looking at him in a shocked face “uh how old are you anyway? Where are your parents??” Holding up 6 fingers the kid put on a grin before realizing Tommy’s second question. “No parents left because became m-monster” the boy tearing up in a heart clenching way.

“You’re not a monster, sure you’re different, you’re still human! Hey shh, you’re not a monster. Can you tell me your name?” Tommy said rubbing circles in the little boys back like his older foster brothers and sisters did when they weren’t to comfort around him. “Ca-can’t remember” This only made the boy sob louder which set Tommy off.

*What if the others hear? What if they think it's a mutant and kill them before realizing? What if the kid sobbing will attract an actual monster? How do I make him shu-* “why don't I give you one!” Tommy said really just trying to make the child stop crying. “Really?!” The boy said through sniffles. “Yeah a very cool one at that!” “I would- I would like that” the kid said putting on a warming smile “alright how about uhhh,” *spider, human, spider, human sh* “Shroud!”

Putting on a grin “Sh-Shroud!” The boy repeated with excitement. “I have a group if you want to come with me, I know you're a bit different but you're still a kid they'll understand” ***spoiler alert they didn't***. “Really?!” “Yeah of course! You're going to have to be a bit quieter, don't want the actual monsters to come out.” “okay!” Shroud said in a whisper yell.

Standing up Tommy held out his hand for Shroud to take. With a bit of hesitation Shroud grabbed Tommy's hand giving a small smile at the affection. Checking around the corner to see if there were any monsters or mutants of sort, once Tommy decided it was all clear they made their way to the store.

As if on queue Tommy saw the 4 supply runners tho 1 looked heavily wounded Tommy signed in relief. Plus it will be much easier to explain to the group what or who he found. Shroud tightened his grip on Tommy's hand, nervous. But if Tommy was being honest in the back of his mind he thought this might turn out horrible. They'll understand tho, right? I mean even if shroud is like a half spider or whatever he's still a kid, plus he's harmless!

As Tommy and shroud walk into the small pharmacy that they have as home base he manage to catch attention of one of the suppliers. “Is that a spider mutant?!” Someone yelled “are you trying to kill us!” Catching the attention of others they all whipped their heads around to stare at Tommy and shroud. Many pulling out their weapons. “What!? No!, I mean we'll he's a half spider mutan I guess but he's completely harmless! He's a kid.” Quickly defend him as shroud let out a tiny whimper.

“What's going on?” Sam, the one and only group leader, slammed open a door “I heard yelling.”

“That fucking Kid is trying to kill us! Bring a spider mutant in here to say it's a kid” another said, having a whole sniper in his hands.

“No- Sam I’m not he’s a kid! I swear he’s harmless. He was just hurt I patched him up!” Tommy defended them once again, feeling his heart beating.

“Tommy I- Tommy this is a warning just- just let him go or we will kill it ourself I’m sorry” Sam manage to say calmly “it may be a kid but that doesn’t change the fact that it is a spider mutant.” Shroud let out a gasp hiding behind Tommy in fear.

“Kill ‘it’!? Kill it! What the fuck is wrong with you people? No! I’m not going to leave him to rot he’s. A. Kid.” “Tommy..I-“ Sam was cut off by someone else “fine if you don’t want to leave that thing be go! Leave here because you’re just going to bring danger to others!” A woman cried, pulling her child behind her back protectively.

Tommy couldn’t believe it. They really wanted to kill a fucking kid? Shock and heart break shook Tommy to his core. What *the hell is wrong with these people? Can they really just leave someone like that?!* Anger soon replaced his shock, even in the apocalypse he still could not trust any kind of adult huh?.

“Listen Tommy step out of the way so we can kill It-“ Sam once again cut off “YOU KNOW WHAT FINE! I WILL LEAVE FUCK YOU SAM AND EVERYONE ELSE HERE!” Tommy yelled tears building up, clenching the bat in his other hand. “I’LL TAKE MY SHIT AND LEAVE BECAUSE YOU GUYS ARE THE REAL MONSTERS HERE!” Tommy’s has been called reckless before and I think he finally understands why tho he doesn’t see it as entirely bad.

Gently taking shroud risking well trying to stop tears from running down his face he goes to his area with all his belongings. “Mr... you really don’t need to leave your family for me, I’m sorry” the boy said, voice cracking and eyes becoming glossy. Tommy hesitated well putting down his bat and shoving his things in his crappy old backpack. “It’s... not your fault and their not my family. Your a kid, you shouldn’t be sorry. Doesn’t matter if your part mutant or not”

Whispers were heard from across the room about Tommy's decision, some hesitant and some saying he was always just.... A bit too much anyway. Finally all his belongings in one place the blonde swings it over his shoulders picking up his bat again leaning it downwards to not scare Shroud. Making his way to the other side of the room and towards the door to leave.

Instead of sweet goodbyes it was instead glares either of hatred, disgust or anger, Tommy seen it all before. Glancing at Sam one last time but instead of like the rest Sam held a sad look in his eyes before covering it in disappointment as Tommy made eye contact. Signing Tommy looked at their suppliers then their bags and the next thing he knows he's out the door running with two bags, one of belongings and other of supplies. Having pulled Shroud to his chest with all his strength to protect the yells and gunshots pointed at them.

Even if it was a moment filled with hatred and disappointment Tommy couldn't help but be a little shit with a grin on his face. This was a reckless decision that Tommy would never regret with any amount of thinking as he held a kid close to his chest. His kid.

# Directions

## Chapter Summary

I've changed it from 1 month to 4 months if you look at the second chapter, just a few more months for them to bond ya know :))

TW: mention of starvation, mention suicide

**Crack**, more and more twigs crack as they make their way through the forest. Finally finding a town that has gone to waste they began to walk towards it, the older one pulling out a bat, weary to see any mobs pop out of sight. A gas station comes into view and the older makes sure to have the child follow his lead.

Hearing a groan Tommy swings his bat upwards perfectly not to hit the shroud. *Got ya*. A zombie falls flat on the ground, brains scattered, younger flinching and turning away from the mess, as of Tommy he doesn't flinch though the guilt stays that these were people who used to have a life.

## Let me catch you up

So it's been a few months since the... Event

Apparently hybrids and humans don't have a good reputation which is to be expected seeing how his group, his ex-group? Whatever. Reacted the way they did, but it was to the point it's unknown for any human and/or hybrid to get along so Tommy has gotten into situations with hybrid and human travels more than he can count. His last encounter was with a salmon hybrid, her name was Sally and she was able to point directions to the nearest hybrid safe camp once she knew I wasn't a threat to shroud.

Oh yeah forgot about that but that's where he and shroud were heading, hybrid safe camps were super rare as it is probably because it's pretty much the start of the apocalypse. But yeah that's where we're heading because Tommy wants shroud to have a normal childhood at the very least and despite his differences. The one thing that Tommy does worry about is being

let in, sure he thinks of shroud like family but he's not a hybrid. He's human. He could be killed on sight with the kinda reputation humans and hybrids have.

But for now that's Tommy's future job now he has to focus on surviving. The walk from what Sally said should take about 2 weeks but counting that amount of times they took breaks I'd probably be about 3 instead. Apparently Sally left the safety camp to go adventure or something like that. Maybe Tommy will too when he's older.

Another thing is that instead of calling the things mutant a traveler told me people call them mobs? I mean honestly it fits I guess and if that's what everyone is calling them he might as well too. Over time shroud and Tommy have closely bonded and Tommy has been trying to teach shroud things like math and writing plus reading sense finding a notebook and book that was about heroes and vigilantes. A quite sad story turns out the character imagined it all and was only 12 when he died.

"Mommy?"

Oh yeah that,

*"Ight kid, sense we're in this together I'm Tommy" Tommy said with a grin we'll eating a granola bar he found in the supply bag*

*"T-T.... Mommy?" Saving himself from spitting out the granola bar Tommy choked on it instead. "Uh, Pardon?"*

*"Mommy," Shroud said in a determined tone.*

*"Nonononononono kid it's Tommy, T-ommy not 'mommy' I'm not your fucking mom, uh no offense" at last swallowing the bar without vomiting it up from the small shock.*

*"Mommy"*



“Tommy”

“Mommy”

“Tommy!”

“Mommy!”

“Tom?”

*A pause, ‘maybe the kid can finally get it right this time if he changed it up a bit’ Tommy thought but spoke or well thought too soon*

“Mom”

*“Nooooooooo” Tommy whined, he doesn’t need some kid calling him ‘mommy’ tho he is kinda taking care of him he just won’t allow it.*

***He allowed it***

*Shroud eventually after 2 weeks learned to get better with saying T’s but by then Tommy was unbothered by the name and told shroud he can continue to call Tommy that if he liked it. Of course Shroud loved it still.*

“Yeah big man?” Tommy tightened his grip on shrouds hand just in case and to ease the worry that something was wrong. “When are we going to get to that camp Sally said was?, I know you haven’t been eating” Shroud said in a sad tone making Tommy’s heart drop masking it with a sad smile “Don’t worry we’ll be there right before you know it, and don’t

worry about me I eat when I fucking wanna M fine!” Tommy grinned and it seemed to ease the poor boys worries “alright”

Walking into the dusty gas station Tommy looked around for extra measures making sure no mobs are in there. Setting Shroud on the desk up front the older told him to wait as he rummaged for whatever food he could find. And there Tommy hits the jackpot. Pop tarts and a whole thing of Oreos! Tho they might be stale who cares, he also found a thing of ramen behind some rubble. Taking it back and hiding a thing of biscuits behind his back Tommy makes his way to Shroud.

“Hey kid, guess what I just found” Tommy grinned as Shroud brightened “what?!” Hopping off the counter and running to Tommy he held out the stale Oreos “Ta-da!” Shroud basically beamed at the sight of them hopping up and down making grabby hands towards the pack. “Oi! Hold up you still got math to do big man these can wait after you finish and I make you some real food” Instead the spider hybrid pouted wanting the sugar right then and there after a bit of a staring contest he gave up and started to unpack the notebook filled with math equations that normally a 6 (almost 7 Shroud argues) should be able to do. But Tommy was no math teacher at least he was trying.

As Shroud started Tommy undid both of the corn cans, deciding to feed himself after Shroud's comment earlier. Started his meal then took out his own personal journal, it wasn't anything like a diary it really only had the date then how much food they used how much food they had now and same with resources in general etc, nothing to special. The meal finally done Tommy got out two plastic bowls and poured then cans in there he called Shroud over telling him he can be done for now and he'll check over it in a minute. Just like how they went over it multiple times they ate it sometimes Shroud would just eat and then Tommy would tell a story. It was like a rule kind of, an unspoken one of course having Shroud being a literal kid they had actually rules too.

*“I think it's about time we set up some rules” Tommy breathes out well wrapping his arm up from a creeper explosion, it was about 1 month into the apocalypse and they were struggling a bit.*

*“Number 1, stick by me at all times unless I tell you to stay or leave. I want you to be by my side no matter what. Hold my hand or whatever” Shroud nodded looking sad and that's when Tommy made the second.*

*“Never, and I mean never, blame yourself if I get hurt or if you protect yourself over me. I'm the big man here. I can handle it, you can't. So don't you fucking dare” Tommy smiled ruffling Shroud hair to show his affection seeing as the boy brightened up a bit at that and giggled.*

*“Number 3... hmm well, you know how I say I'm 15 and all, well if we ever or if you ever ran into a stranger or something like that say I'm older or like uhh, 19!” “But why?” Shroud asked pure child curiosity “well people my age don't really have kids, plus this will make me seem like a bigger man than I already am then the pussies will cower in fear!” Shroud smiled then nodded in understanding.*

*“Number 4, don't believe a word other people say-“ Tommy sounding dead serious and not light hearted at all “-unless I am talking to said person or somehow leave you either said person do not trust a thing that comes out of any bastards mouth” nodding his head Tommy sighed*

*“I think that should be it we should get some rest for tomorrow” both smiling and curling up in the surprising thick blankets to keep warm “goodnight mommy” “goodnight Shroud” with that they fell in a peaceful slumber like the world wasn't in some huge ass apocalypse.*

A small smile appeared on his face with being fond with the memory. Tommy finished his meal noticing Shroud was almost already done he picked up the notebook to check his answers. Shroud as always trying to get a peak before so he could see if he got them right. Turns out 2 out of 10 we're wrong, so like always they went over it and with Tommy's knowledge about multiplication they were able to go through it smoothly.

As the night comes Tommy gets ready for a small fire and makes sure all the doors and windows are covered if a mob past by, after he was done he settled in the small fort Shroud made. Which Tommy has to credit to him it was quite cozy. He then remembered what he found in the back of the gas station and pulled them out, with the small fire and the nice fort Tommy thought this would be the perfect time.

“Do you remember having biscuits before this?” Tommy asked, shroud didn't remember much but sometimes he'll remember foods or stores.

“Cookies? Kind of.” He said and proceeded to try and snatch the whole things of Oreos before Tommy held them up higher.

“God fucking Americans, it’s biscuits not *Cookie*sss.” Stretching out the ‘s’ to be over dramatic about his point.

“Don’t care, give!... Please?” Tommy sighed and gave in unraveling the packet to reveal all Oreos still in perfect shape. In which Shroud aggressively snatched the packet to get view of the sugary treats with his other pair of arms, before taking it and plopping it in his mouth.

“Oi! You better not eat all of them save some for me” they both giggled and the spider hybrid put the packet between the two to share. A warm moment that was shared between the two and one that they both will remember in fondness. Soon even with the high amounts of sugar Shroud manage to fall asleep on Tommy, in which he put the rest of the Cookies in a small container and cleaned up the two almost empty water bottles they had with the treat.

As Tommy looked up in one of the cracked windows his smile faltered, *2 weeks and 6 days* , he can do this. Shroud will at least be safe and hell maybe even have a good childhood. He just needs to focus he can’t just *die* now he’ll make sure Shrohd gets to safety maybe even he can heal that is if the camp will let him in. Pushing away his anxieties he laid down shroud rest on his stomach now well he covers him up with the thickest blanket to make sure he keeps warm. Letting out a sign Tommy drifts off to sleep.

***2 Weeks and 6 days.***

# Goals

## Chapter Notes

I don't think there is any warnings for this, just angst I guess :)

The wind whistles, a nearby river flows, loud groaning could be heard as well as hissing from close spiders. A quick swoop in the air before the weapon hits. *Close, but not close enough*. Small claps come from the little one watching. Tommy sighs and walks over to the Makeshift target for practice and pulls out the throwing knife. So close to the little red circle made of chalk.

"Did you get it?" Shroud asked leaning to see if the knife landed in the middle, Tommy smiled "no, not yet. Close tho so I guess that's good enough" Yawning and stretching he made his way over to Shroud putting the knife back into the little slide in his boot. "How about you big man, Figure out how to patch him back up?" Gently putting his head on Tommy's shoulder he huffed "No..". Shroud grumbled holding the stuffed animal with one pair of arms well then other crossed in irritation. What Tommy was referring to was the small cow that used to belong to him but gave to Shroud him having nightmares most nights due to seeing brains splatter and mobs being brutally killed.

The Cow was named Henry as Tommy quotes "is the biggest man name you could ever give to someone." It recently had a hole in the bottom of its foot and Tommy made a deal that whoever finishes their goal first gets to have the rest of the Oreos. Even though in the end Tommy would have still given them to Shroud he doesn't know that. With Tommy's goal being able to hit the throwing knife straight in the middle of the target and Shroud's to find a way to patch the hole in the stuff cow.

Tommy sighed, reaching for his bag "Do you need help?" He asked as he slowly pulled out a tiny box filled with sewing needles and a roll of thread. "But I'll lose the bet!" Shroud whined "Well I'm not doing it for you just giving you an example" Tommy protested and pulled out another thing from the bag. That being a T-shirt, two of them in fact. That was probably a bit bigger than anything Shroud has worn yet. On both sides of one shirt there were holes and on the other shirt the sleeves were cut off. "It's not fair for me to know what I'm doing and you don't, yeah?" Shroud hesitated before nodding in agreement.

He watched with determination as Tommy slowly began to sew the sleeves where the two holes were in the other shirt, making rough lines as his hands shake. Shroud noticed that Tommy always seemed to shake, usually in his hands. When Shroud would ask about it the older would always say something about anxiety and that he was okay but Shroud can tell it was something else he always seemed so *tired*.

Noticing the slip up Shroud went back to focusing on how his parental figure sewed. Before noticing the shaking getting worse.

Sometimes this would happen and it usually meant he felt alone, so Shroud did what cheers him up best. Slowly taking the sewing needle, thread and both parts of the shirt, Shroud placed them on the cold grass. “Shroud wh-“ before he knew it he was hugging Tommy like he was going to die. Tommy put his arms around Shroud too and held tight but not too tight for it to hurt or be uncomfortable. “Please don’t be sad, I’m here you’re not alone” tears pricked at his eyes as the smallest held tighter.

“Heh.... I’m supposed to be the mature one” he could tell the older one was starting to cry but didn’t say anything.

“You said that kids don’t always have to be mature..” That is what really made Tommy break.

Shroud feeling his heart heaving and his breaths coming out more shaky. Tommy always told Shroud that it was okay to let out your emotions or cry sometimes. Even tho it was a bit hypocritical because sometimes he would wake up to cries of pain from a recent attack from mobs or.... Just because. So of course the spider hybrid didn’t point it out so he wouldn’t upset him further.

“Yeah, yeah I did.” He accepted holding tight and barring his head in Shroud’s hair, laughing wetly at the reminder to give him a proper haircut one day.

Another thing Shroud picked up along the 4 months of knowing Tommy was that he didn’t like silence either, even when he said silence was key Shroud knew he didn’t like it one bit. Sometimes he would just start swearing cusses or asking questions that you probably shouldn’t ask a 6 year old. Thinking about that Shroud doesn’t think that he told Tommy about that, maybe that can fill in the empty space in the air.

“You know, I think it’s almost my birthday. Then I’ll be a big man like you!” Shroud said barring his head more into Tommy’s chest.

“Oh Really?” He sniffled, starting to cradle Shroud, rocking back and forth calming the two over the small breakdown.

“Yeah!, I remember having a huge cake and- and it was cold and the leaves were falling and it was colorful, kinda like the trees now!” He exclaimed before yawning “I miss it” smiling sadly. Tommy started gently running his fingers in the youngest hair, as the other started nodding off.

“You know what? This year we’re going to have the best fucking birthday you will ever have, and I’ll be right there with you.” Tommy softly whispered “I would like that.” And before he knew it the other was asleep in his arms. Softly snoring.

When the spider hybrid eventually woke up to a new shirt and a better looking Cow he couldn’t ask for a better guardian in the apocalypse. Even with him not finishing his goal properly he still had a sweet treat to munch when the sun started to set. He couldn’t be happier even if scattered brains and dead corpses haunted his dreams, a smile still stayed on his face.

***2 Weeks and 4 days***

# Rain, Rain, Come again

## Chapter Summary

Playing in the Rain. Just two kids :)

Droplets turn into downpour.

It has only rained a couple of times during the apocalypse, probably about 4 times surprisingly. Tho each time was a complete mess so they never had time to just enjoy it.

First time, they were trying to make their way through a horde by going around, having to be as quiet as possible, with the rain covering their tracks and the noise that followed them. The fear of one stick breaking was at ease due to the down pouring. Groaning from the dead only turning to them for a split second before turning due to the shit vision of the dead and rain burning the rotten eyes with no lids half the time.

Second time, They were hiding in a building from a group of people. It was more people coming after them due to Shroud being a Spider hybrid. The rain wasn't that much of a savior in that case making everything so so *cold*. Tommy stayed in his wet clothes as he made Shroud change his due to the cold and gave all but one blanket to the little one. It wasn't a very enjoyable night.

Third time, simply to say it was at night, finding puddles and mud in the morning. Funny enough Tommy tried to eat the mud in a weird curiosity if it could be used as a food source. Shroud managed to teach his parental figure that it would be silly and being sick would be "not poggers". Tommy could have cried with pride, his boy had grown up.

Fourth time. Well let's say it wasn't a nice night.

So as it rained Tommy watched with a smile, planning to soon wake Shroud up so they could enjoy the rainy weather as if nothing is happening right now. They had found a small gas



station (again) to settle for the night. The sun rise looking pretty as ever as it marks another day. Hearing rustling Tommy eyes widened and clutched his bat and stood up. Looking around and listening again, breathing quickened. *Why couldn't he have one peaceful rain?*

A head pops from the doorway and before Tommy can scream and swing he notices the figure. With that he clutches his chest letting out a long sigh of relief, wide eyes and all. The younger steps aside showing him with messy sewed pajamas that are a bit bagging but seemed comfy on the small figure. He then lets out a little yawn that Tommy would find quite cute if it weren't for the near heart attack.

"What are you doing up this early?!, you almost gave me a fucking heart attack!" Tommy let go of his chest and lowered his bat as he made eye contact with Shroud.

"Sorry.... I heard sounds outside.." He explained before looking over to the rain in curiosity. "It's fine bud, I already was going to wake you up to show you" Smiling softly and gesturing his hand to the rain a bit away from the tiny roof outside the gas station. "Come on, get on a hoodie or a sweater I'm going to show you some real fun in the rain sense all the other times uh didn't go to well" Shroud seem to brighten at the word 'fun' and went back inside.

Letting out a huff of amusement, Tommy set down his "badass big man bat" on the chair he was sitting on and checked that he still had the tiny throwing knives and his regular ones to go, just in case anything goes wrong. And sat down on the dry area of the ground waiting for *His Kid* to get ready.

That made Tommy smile, Shroud was *his Kid* . He raised him, fed him and showed him things he would have to in a normal life. *A normal life* . Though nothing is normal In the zombie apocalypse Tommy thinks he would like to give Shroud that. A normal life full of love and affection and knowing that mistakes are okay and that you should always still stand up for yourself. It's stressful but if Tommy could give someone something he never had as a Kid he could be content with his life, *done even*.

He turns around in time to see Shroud trying to sneak up on him by tip toeing. He huffed going back to a regular walk "dammit, I thought I would get you this time" Whining Shroud sat by Tommy on the dry spot. "Try harder next time, your predictable big man, and shit at being quiet" laughing Tommy raised his hand and ruffled the boy's head who only grumbled in return about being 'superior'. No flinch to the hand raise, completely relaxed. Good.

“Ight get up, Big man, this is where the real fun begins!” Tommy gestured towards the rain whilst Shroud’s eyes followed “but you said it would get me sick?” “Well fuck what I said this is a exception. When it starts to get colder thats more of concern” *And hopefully by then you're safe and sound.*

As Shroud seemed hesitant the older just giggled and leaped into the downpour. Still giggling feeling free and younger again he twirls looking at the other with a encouraging smile. The smaller gives a curious look before smiling and joining Tommy. Twirling and spinning with the rain's rhythm.

“It’s fun innit big man?!”

Laughing with joy Tommy takes Shroud hands and starts twirl and dance. Laughing like there's no tomorrow as the clouds take away the sunrise.

“WOOOOOOOOOOO, BITCH!” The older screams splashing in puddles like there was no one else in the world to see him acted like a child. He was, but he isn’t meant to be. Despite the thought, the smile stayed glued to his face. Shroud and Tommy screamed into the gloomy sky’s till their voices raw and both were in a giggling fit. Mobs being far and soaking to even care about the two.

Maybe he could be a kid just this once. Like the exception he said from earlier today this is the same.

***2 Weeks and 1 day***

# Human or Hybrid?

## Chapter Summary

We see from another's perspective :)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

If you were to tell Tommy that in a year he would be covered in Zombie guts and all different kinds of mobs insides with a 7 year old kid. He would tell you to fuck off to whatever shit show or movie they have planned and to leave him out of it. And if that had happen he would go back and slap himself in the face and tell him to fucking prepare.

So yes that's where he was, Covered in almost every mobs inside. Why? Because he has faced the most terrifying horde of his life but he was god damn determined to make sure Shroud made it threw safely. Sure Tommy has checked for multiple ways around and even around the horde there was always strays that gave away their position. So here they are.

Well to be honest you could tell Tommy that he would even have a 7 year old kid, that would probably be one of the most funniest thing to Tommy back then. Sure Tommy took care of kids before in other foster homes and group homes but that doesn't mean he wanted kids of his own. Through screaming matches and beatings from just not doing good in school children tended to go to Tommy for some reason. Apparently finding "comfort" in the loud and cheery persona he put on for his and others sanity.

His plan was always to grow out of the system and live on his own, being tired of family's. Well shit guess that didn't work out, Look where he is now.

**CRUNCH**, welp wasn't that a pleasant sound. A zombies or hell even persons arm snapped in half which oddly enough drew little to no attention as they continued walking on the old limbs. Tommy looked down to see how Shroud was and he looked disgusted out of his mind and on the verge of tears, honestly understandable. Despite how dangerous and faster way to get around Tommy would never do this again because the amount of flesh that covers his and Shroud and the constant blood leaking into their shoes. It's something you'll never get use to but can all tell yourself that it was water from the rain.

Slowly creeping threw the horde of zombies mocking they're stance or well at least trying, either way the zombies barely have a brain to tell. Silent whimpers are heard and Tommy turns to see Shroud on the edge of bursting out into tears. Shit, shit, shit he shouldn't have done this. Leaning down very little Tommy slowly starts to pick Shroud up trying not to draw attention as remains of mobs fall off his shoulder and missing the younger. The spider hybrid picks up the cue letting go of Tommy's hand and letting the other pick him up pressing a backpack to his back to make sure it didn't fall as his face was stuffed in Tommy right shoulder shaking from fear and nerves. As of Tommy he was the same, except he was much better at hiding it.

With the kid as added weight Tommy tried his best making threw. A skeleton shooting and missing and having to dodge a few endermans eyes. He could see the clearing now Anxiety replaced with relief as he only needed to take a few more steps and finally he doesn't have to worry if he's following a step pattern to seem more mob like. If Shroud could see it he's pretty sure the whimpers will quite down and instead be filled with exhaustion. But for now quite sobs could be heard but not to much to cause attention from the beings around them.

The weight in Tommy's arms felt heavier as his body

started to sink exhaustion and instead of quite huffs more ragged breathing could be heard, *a few more steps.*

***WHVOOP***

An enderman was now covering the clearing....

Tommy just started at the endermans body like he can see right threw him. Sweat and Adrenaline building up as he tried to not look up to the mobs eyes. Lanky form and ribs being the only thing he dared to stare at as he held back whimpers and sobs. *He was so so so close, why did this have to happen.* Pulling Shroud up closer with all the strength he could muster he started running his hand threw the smallers hair. Small *shhhhhhhhhh* 's could be heard as the younger tried to quiet their sobs.

The enderman made a few noises barely moving from what Tommy saw hands twitching ever now and then. The enderman made the noise like it did before and disappearing, the clearing could be seen again. Tommy almost cried out in relief but due to reminding himself of the situation he stayed quiet and began slowly taking steps towards it. Hand moving from Shrouds hair and to his back Tommy rubbed it reminding the other to still be quiet and giving a silent *were almost there* to the other. A twig snapped and he and the little one in his arms stiffen holding their breaths. With nothing coming after or up to the two he began walking again.

A Gunshot goes off in the distance....

Groaning and noises come from the mobs....

Tommy sprints like he's going to die because he probably is....

---

You could tell the two really didn't want to be there as the other dragged them along.

"Come onnnnn, why do we have to do this?"

"What's wrong Quackity? Is this wasting your beauty sleep?" The man said in a mocking tone. Flicking the person in questions beanie.

"Yes Foolish, Yes it is" Quackity said, fixing his precious beanie that the other had flicked slightly off.

"Stop complaining you too, your the one who lost the bet. Also we have a horde coming up so you need to be quiet" Eret snapped.

Foolish grumbled something about it being Quackity's fault well Quackity just huffed out in annoyance. The group made their way between alley ways and climbed on building to get a better view at the horrid.

The reason they were out there were to get supplies and look for survivors, but mostly to just get supplies since survivors can be trouble due to the distrust between humans and hybrids. Rightfully so every human any hybrids have interacted with instead saw them as dangerous creatures that should be shot on sight. Even ones who watched their loved ones become "monsters" it never came out good.

Most hybrids are a bit nicer to humans usually taking all of their shit instead of killing them just to prove they aren't what people think they are. Of course their has been some cases where putting a bullet threw someone skull or just tearing them up with the new found limbs or whatever they've gained from the mutation. Hence why the stories with humans never change on their views with hybrids sticking with the title as dangerous monsters and to kill on site.

The only time the group or anyone has heard of a human being nice when they work something out. A deal that are always unfair with humans asking too much. Tho they have heard from a traveler that their is a fellow who's companion is hybrid as they are human. But of course everyone brushed it off as them trying to make hope or be hopeful that humans and hybrids can just get along for fucking once. So nothing ever changed for each sides view of each other a immediate kill or steal from on site.

The group continues to stare over the horde making nothing of it and if they had it was probably it was bigger then usually. Little ways to make threw unless you *go threw* . But who in the ever loving fuck would be stupid enough to do that, as soon as you get near that your flesh with be ripped out from zombies, arrows piercing and cracking the bones with creepers leaving nothing but a crater where your organs should be.

It's pretty much impossible to survive that.

“Come on, nobody's here. Even if they were they are probably long dead.” Eret stated moving towards the buildings trash can still filled with rotten bags that never gotten thrown out in the last 4 months. Ready to make a jump having mushy food and wrappers lighten his fall like some cartoon character.

“Yeah your right, come on Q we can get back to your resting quarters.” Foolish remarked stretching and putting his arms over his head.

“shut the fuck up”

***WHVOOP***

There a enderman stood right behind Foolish.

Foolish froze, Quackity winced and looked down.

Eret whipped his head around too late to remember that it was a enderman noise and made eye contact with the mob. This only angered it as purple particles floated around it. Eret didn't dare to break eye contact not even blinking as she slowly pulled out his gun.

Eret and the rest of the group learned one of these facts from a incident you could say. And so having a staring contest with a enderman when you make eye contact is better than running away due to it being paralyzed when you look into it's eyes.

With his gun out Eret raised it just above Foolish. Who Eret would laugh at with the look on his face basically saying "*dude I think I just pissed my pants*" if it weren't for needing his gun steady and a threat right above the hybrids head. With that Eret kept his eyes open and shot.

And just like that the enderman was on the ground purple ooze that meant blood leaking out of the brain. With that they all sighed in relief, Adrenaline exiting the system. But groans and the bones of skeletons could be heard from down below, *of course they forgot about the horde*. Attracting attention from the monsters.

With them up on the buildings it was no big deal, the only big deal was having them following them back to the smp since it took a week just to get this far. Usually in this case they would call Ranboo but Tubbo and his protective ass would tell him not too sense teleportation exhaust Him. He was only used for big deals and yes it will be hard and a pain in the ass but they could still lose the mobs. Though that may not be the case, because as the group scanned the crowd of mobs they saw someone sprinting. *A person sprinting out of the horde*. How? It's impossible!

The 3 all seemed to catch sight of the person seemingly unharmed and none of mobs even notice!? The person from what they could tell was blonde and held something large in their hands. Maybe a bag? Who knows. So yeah, yeah a person *sprinting out of a horde unharmed*. What else about it to change our own plans? But the thing was, is that they were heading towards their hybrid safe camp. if it was a hybrid sure they would go ahead away maybe even escort them there but they don't know. If it was a human it could- no would be a threat to the camp. So that's why something like this could use a Ranboo teleport. It may seem



overdramatic but with the apocalypse and the constant death being overdramatic is what saves you.

They all seemed to look at each other in sync before nodding their head, agreeing to signal the group about it. With that Eret pulled out a small radio station and set it to their main one before repeating words and asking if anyone was there, soon someone was there.

“This is Tubbo, you need something boss man?”

“Hey! Tubbo, I think we might need Ranboo...”

“Why? What happen?”

“Ah well, we’re safe we’re just on a building-“ a sigh of relief was heard on the other end “- But well we were here we saw a horde and the next thing you know someone was running out of it-“

“So you found a survivor?! Are they human or hybrid?”

“-let me finish, but we saw them run out and we don’t know either they are human or hybrid but they definitely are heading our way to the camp. They held something seemingly heavily so they might be armed”

“Ah alright... okay fine, I’ll- what are your cords and I’ll go get Ranboo”

With that the group told him and in a second Ranboo came and they were back in the cafeteria in the cave. Tubbo and others supported Ranboo as he made his way to the two’s room.

Everyone was on guard hearing a human who may be heavily armed was on their way.

*1 week and 5 days*

## Chapter End Notes

I DIDN'T RE-READ IT SO IF IT SHIT IM SORRY:.)

Here are what hybrids the sillies are :))

Quackity- Duck

Foolish- Shark

Eret- Vierhornziege Goat (4 horned goat)

# Treehouse

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A camera is raised, the other clueless as he continues to scavenge through the cabinets of an old house. With a satisfying snap a picture was taken of the older, finally bringing the attention of him as he heard the noise. Making eye contact with the younger and camera the human let out an amused sigh.

“What got ya in the camera mood Big man?” Tommy asked, putting his focus back to roaming through the cabinets. Every few minutes pulling something out to analyze and putting it in the duffel bag or putting it back.

The camera was something that Shroud and Tommy found about a month into the apocalypse. Tommy was a big person for keeping memories and taking pictures so he let Shroud have it. What do you know the spider hybrid took right after him recording and taking pictures when he pleased and during rougher nights and or just for a trip down memory lane they both would look through it with laughter and smiles. It was something Shroud probably cared for the most out of all of his belongings only pulling it out occasionally due to the storage, but sometimes would just because.

Shroud giggled “your hair looks funny” he said looking down at the photo he took.

“Well fuck you, my hair always looks glorious. You're just jealous” Tommy stopped what he was doing, stretching before gathering all his hair and putting it in a tie at the back. Having not had a haircut in months and too lazy to do it himself. “Speaking of hair, do you need a haircut? Seems to be getting long and you’ve mentioned not liking it like that because you don’t wanna seem feminine or something.”

Nervously Shroud started to play with his sweater sleeves with his lower pair of arms, still holding a camera in the upper pair. Looking away quite shyly before finally answering. “Well.... I just thought that maybe we could match, you look really cool with your hair long” The other looked down embarrassingly waiting for the other's response.

And holy shit, if that wasn't the nicest and heartwarming thing anyone has ever said to him. Tommy always thought of his hair ratty, not anything cool or badass. He thinks maybe he'll keep it more like this if they get to safety- no *when* . Tommy has never been more determined to keep anyone this safe in his life.

With soft eyes that if you look closely are a bit teary, "oh, alright we can keep it that way." The smaller squirmed a bit as he felt eye contact on him. Still very embarrassed by the scene. "Hey don't be embarrassed-" kneeling down to Shrouds level and tilting his head up to his view. All pairs of eyes making contact with him. "-Everyone wants to be like the big Tommy Innit!" This made the younger laugh as Tommy grinned wider.

"As if! You're a crusty old man" Shroud erupted to giggles as he watched Tommy gasp. "I can't believe you would say such a thing! I am a fucking minor bitch"

Putting his hand on his chest Tommy faked crying and was just being overdramatic overall.

After the whole scene the two eventually got ready to settle again going to eat outside to enjoy the sunset. When there they saw the most amazing thing any kid can experience, ***a Treehouse!***

Tommy made a noise of pure joy and amazement , probably the only thing about him that you can mark off as inhuman. He never really had a proper treehouse as you could imagine with living in the foster system. Though he remembers building some in a forest of old foster homes using sticks, cardboard, hell, even tables he would find rotting out of furniture stores. But he never had a proper one like *this* . This Treehouse had a fucking roof and ladder, Even with walls. Now this was some proper shit.

"Do you remember any treehouses in your old life?" Tommy turned to Shroud who was looking at the Treehouse with the same childish joy. "No" he said, still dazed by it to notice how Sad it is. Of course this made Tommy frown although it shouldn't be all that surprising. Every kid has at least one experience with one so Tommy will make sure Shrouds first time is one he can remember and have the memory close to his heart.

"Well it's time to get climbing" he huffed before gripping the duffel bag at his side and climbing up the ladder. The other follows in curiosity. Finally making it up to the top Tommy looked up to see the sunset, this was the first time he saw the sunset from above. They always choose to stay down just in case someone could see them or they draw attention from a mob

like a skeleton or enderman. The clouds were in a shade of pinks and fading blues. Red, orange, yellow all mixing together showing one of the most beautiful things Tommy has ever seen.

In a few seconds Shroud is right there by his side taking in the view and height of the treehouse. Comfortable silence lays upon them as they watch the Sunset. After a few moments, Shroud pulls out his camera to take a picture of the view as well as the height. Tommy begins to cut apples and opens a “family pack” of chips to eat, listen when you're in the apocalypse you can't have 4-5 star meals all the time. The two are in silence. Tommy sorted three the bag, checking to see if they have enough supplies and Shroud still taking In his surroundings.

After they ate Tommy gave Shroud some math problems and a few words to spell as he got ready to settle there. He guessed the treehouse could be an exception since it has a roof and walls. Busted windows but windows nonetheless. “So how'd you like your first treehouse experience big man” the oldest asked, done with getting everything ready for sleep.

With him finishing up the rest of his work Shroud answered, “I think it's cool, the view is really nice, we're high up which is so *so cool!* And we're in a tree.” Grinning he gave his answers to Tommy and he swiftly checked them so far Shroud not getting any wrong. Putting the notebook back into the bag. “That's good i'm glad you like it, alright got Henry ready to go to bed?” “Yup!” He said, dragging out the “y”.

“Oh wait!” Shroud picked up the camera and moved over to Tommy getting in view as the sunset was fading showing a bit of light. Of course Tommy just smiled huffing in amusement and got ready for the kids photo. With the “photo shoot” done Shroud was ready to go to bed having a tiers smile showing on his face. With one glance at the moonrise they both went to bed, a happy smile laid on both of their faces from the little treehouse event.

***1 week and 4 days***

I've never given you my socials have I? >:]

It's Sp00ky\_here on all platforms most active on my Instagram and TikTok. (Am on Twitter and YouTube tho) if you ever wanna make fanart or something etc that's where you can find me just tags me :D

# Dirty clothes and water fights

## Chapter Notes

Hulloooo, been busy with school and work in general so sorry if this is worse than usual it's pretty rush lol

Anxiety was clinging at his skin as the days passed. Each day they were closer to the camp and as excited as he is to finally have his kid be safe, he was scared for himself. Sure it was a pretty selfish thing, if he can handle a little kid and himself he can definitely be by himself if they don't let him in. It's just- he just wants to scoop up Shroud right now and *leave*. Turn around so he doesn't have to fear rejection.

He even has worry that they wouldn't even let Shroud in! Sure it was a hybrid safe camp but Shroud was raised by a **human** sense of the apocalypse. So what if they don't let him in because of it? He doesn't know people's intentions, sure they're hybrid but they can still be dicks, it doesn't change their personality. And finally he was going to admit himself, he's **15** and doesn't know what he's doing.

Harsh wind hits his face as he and Shroud make their way towards a river. The leaves are falling with all the oranges and reds, a mixture of yellows and browns too. The sun was still out even with the wind. The water was surprisingly warmer than he thought due to the sun when he put the tip of his hand to check the temperature of the river.

The rivers were always a soothing thing, so Tommy brought him and Shroud to the nearest. With all the stress from this week he and no doubt Shroud had so too he thought they might as well come down, plus they probably need to wash something's and themselves. No doubt after they're down washing up he'll give Shroud all the warmest clothing due to the temperature.

"Alright Big man, I think it's time for a wash sense it's been weeks." Stopping completely and putting his things down he got clothing from his bag and some soap he found well rummaging in the house.

“Isn't it cold tho?” The younger asked as he set down the all to big of a backpack down. Tommy gave him a sad look “yeah- yeah it is, but ya gotta clean yourself. Even in the apocalypse hygiene is important. I promise to wrap you in the warmest blankets we have, yeah?” And of course he'll keep the promise, Tommy never backs down a promise to Shroud.

And with that Shroud nodded, getting undressed and only leaving himself in some dirty shorts and somewhere else for privacy. Tommy trusted him to bathe himself and he knew if he ever needed anything he'd scream for help. A content sign escaped Tommy's lips as he finally unpacked everything, laying it out to be washed. Usually Tommy himself would wash up as well but instead he decided to do so whilst the clothes are drying. The stench and grime stays.

Clothes are probably Tommy's least favorite thing to do in the apocalypse, yeah he would rather take a group of zombies any day than do this shit. Zombie guts and sewage water clings to the things hell even vomit from when Shroud couldn't handle killing a creeper so Tommy had to step in (he got a really cool scar now so it was definitely worth it). The stitches for Shroud clothing tend to come unloose which is a real pain in the ass but can easily be fixed by a needle and thread.

So he slowly started setting some clothes in the river and just close enough to him that if they were to drift off he'd be able to catch them. They all sat there unmoving other than the soft ripples in the water and here comes Tommy's least favorite part. Scrubbing all the mob remains and dirt. Disgusting really if anyone willingly did this he would give that person a *piece* of his mind. His fingers met the fabric and goop of a slime and so he began violently scrubbing to get it out. Listen, cleaning your clothes in a river is much different than doing it in a dishwasher or sink.

When Tommy finally got done or at least pretty close to washing off all the Mob remains he then took the soap and went at it again.

As he was on the last piece of clothing he heard dried grass beneath someone's feet, going out to reach for his bat he stopped himself realizing it must be Shroud. Soon enough a head pokes out from the bushes whilst spotting Tommy running up to him. The boy was back in his cleaner clothes before and shivering, which would explain him running over to Tommy like any second winter was going to swallow him whole.



“Blanket,” Shroud teeth chattered, “please.” The older let out a small laugh before setting down the clothing and reaching to get a blanket in the duffel bag. Tossing it at him Shroud quickly covered up and sat by Tommy leaning up against the blonde for warmth.

“Too cold, huh?” He smiled looking at the other with amusement.

“Well it *was* cold at first, and then I got used to it, *but then!* I got out and it was cold again!” He exclaimed in frustration.

“Well yeah that’s like science, or something... I don’t really know I failed all my classes before this” it was true, well except theater and history. Well that’s an exception, theater is just fun and I mean who wouldn’t think the history of I’manburg was interesting! It legit started out as a hot dog van!.

They sat there in a comfortable silence as Tommy finished washing the clothes and hanging it up on a nearby branch to make sure not to disturb the other. Sighing Tommy reached over to the all to big bag for the little one and grabbed a granola bar for Shroud, taking it the boy split it in two and looked at the other with a sad look appearing. Guilt ran through his veins as he took the other half eyes asking shroud if he’s sure and he nodded. One moment that will be soon forgotten spoke a thousand words to the older, knowing damn well he should be caring for himself too so the younger doesn’t have to worry.

“Hey, mom?” A voice snapped him out of it. Turning his head to see what the spider hybrid needed.

“Yeah big ma-“ Instead of the face of his kid he was hit with water instead. Giggling erupted from the hybrid.

“Oh you little shit” with no venom being behind the remark, he got up to see Shroud over by the water using a pair of arms to hold him up as he went in a laughing fit.

Each of them spraying cold water at each other from the river with hearts full of warmth. Even Tommy fell in and after the shock wore off laughter filled the air, both gasping for air.

Both cleaned up after a few more playful fights. The clothes were dry and Tommy went to actually wash himself with the new and not so dirty clothes. Shroud worked on his vocabulary work as Tommy made them a bowl of mixed vegetables he found at zombie infested store and some squirrel Tommy hunted while the other was asleep in the treehouse. It was a goodnight, simple and good.

*1 week and 3 days*

# Nightmare, Memory?

## Chapter Notes

Hullooo bit of a angst one today, yeah? :) don't worry comfort at the end!

TW:

Suicide implied/mentioned, past Child abuse, Child abuse, alcohol is briefly mentioned!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A Memory? Or a nightmare?

*A stiff bed laid underneath him as the sunlight poured in from the open window, providing a cold yet comforting breeze on the Boy's face. Even with his eyes closed through the lids of his eyes he can see the bright sun outside due to summer sunrise. Slowly blinking back the tiredness that wore on his eyes he yawned, bringing himself up and pulling the thin blankets of a guest room to the side revealing his tore legs from climbing trees and trying to pull stupid stunts.*

*Wind brushed against the blonde's hair sending a deep chill down his back. Looking over he saw the source and made his way over, wiping the rest of the sleepiness and crust from his eyes. Before closing the window to keep the warmth in he gazed into the sunrise.*

*Tommy always loved sunrises back when his mom was alive he had a faint memory from when he was five of him and his mother. One where she would take him to a bench she loved so dearly and sing, explaining to Tommy that he is just as beautiful as any sunrise or sunset. The look in her eyes always caring pride, hope, happiness, sadness and grief. At the age of five Tommy never knew why she would have the last two there was no need, it was him and her against the troublesome world as she used to say.*

*When she gave Tommy a kiss on the forehead and hugged him tight telling Tommy she'll be gone for a long while and soon she'll allow him to join her. The grief, sorrow and this time shame was in her deep blue eyes. She told him to go play with the neighbor kid when he asked, why? Only telling him he'll understand when he's older. And that he did, but not when he was older.*

*A dead body was found in the oceans near a wooden bench that held so much love and care. The cliff always gave a perfect view, **always** .*

*Gently fingers brushed the window sill as nostalgia and sorrow cloud the moment, gently kisses turning to soft sobs at such a young age, naive and clueless. Signing, he shut the window, cutting away the morning cold and returning back to the normal warmth of the house. Soon he'll forget the moment just like the rest and return to the shitty reality of humanity and abuse.*

*A crash sounded from somewhere in the house, with that started the brewing of yelling and insults exchanged from the parents of the household. One Tommy remembers as one of the easier ones, Mr. White and Mrs. White made it clear that they wanted a smart kid, one that cleans too. Instead they didn't get that but an already bruised and damaged kid. At least the Whites household wasn't anywhere close to physical yet, but then again who knows they can snap any second he's had it happen before.*

*They only yelled, and yelled a lot. Grades this cleaning that it was bullshit and Tommy couldn't wait until they decide he's not the right fit because of it. From a young age Tommy was also able to read people, their body language and expressions he was no expert but he could definitely tell the Whites will be having a divorce real soon with the amount of drinking and screaming matches they have. Good thing for Tommy they're both sad drunks, the kind that dumps all their emotional baggage.*

*"TOM! COME CLEAN THIS SHIT BECAUSE OBVIOUSLY THIS LADY WON'T!" His foster "dad" yelled, words sometimes slurring together. How the fuck is anyone drunk at this hour.*

*The boy only took one more glance as the pinks and oranges slowly disappeared replacing it with bright blue. He made his way to the stair going down them as fast as he could or avoiding more yelling about whatever broke. Tommy made his way down, a blank and tired look on his face.*

*"What is it this tim-" He was cut off by Shroud. Shroud.*

*He wasn't supposed to be there, yet there he saw him cleaning up the glass cup that fell down probably from the fight. His breath hitched as he watched the boy clean it up with distress written all over his face, his, they're? , foster mother standing and watching head down enough that Tommy couldn't read it for any red flags. He looked over to find the front door was swung open the coat of his foster father gone. Cold breeze that Tommy already shut out this morning when the windows were open returned, there was no pretty sunrise, no pinks or oranges, even reds fading. Nothing but a happy sun and white pure clouds.*

*He turned his attention back to Shroud who finished up cleaning up the mess. Tears in his eyes but never slipping. Seeing his Kid in pain hurt more than any abuse he experienced in the system.*

*"Shro-" once again shut upped and interrupted.*

*"I- I'm a good person. He was just a slob who expected me to do the work. I- tell me I'm a good person" anger, sadness, denial was laced into the words of the woman with long black hair. "Tell me I'm a good person, Because I am! He's the one who got drunk and raised his voice! He did!" Rage. Rage that was more pointed to the small kid throwing the rest of the glass into the trash by the fridge.*

*"Ma'am-" The tiny voice of a scared child tried to speak.*

*"Mom! It's mom!" She yelled fist tightening which was never a good sign. "We are a family! A family of a perfect wife, a perfect husband and two perfect children!" She finally looked up glaring at the little boy causing him to shake.*

*"Stop that! I didn't do anything! I'm sorry, I'm such a bad person no wonder he doesn't love me maybe I should maybe I should just di-"*

*"No, no, no, no please you're a good person ma- mom! He's a bad person, please don't leave..." pain. Pain spiked threw Tommy. Shroud was his kid. Shroud called him mom even though it's just some funny joke to get on his nerves he was supposed to step in and make things better. Not stand back in shock watching out of his own fear of being hit or yelled at. He- he should be the adult! The responsible!*

*“You're lying.... You're lying to me.” She made her way to the shroud gripping the little one's shirt tugging it at the neck to look at her. Panic was clear as day on his face as Shroud squirmed trying to get out of the grip. Finally Tommy shakes himself mentally while body screaming to just do fucking something and he stepped in.*

*“Let. him. go, he didn't do anything wrong and isn't responsible for your shitty being!” He grabbed the women's sweater on her forearm to get her to let go of Shroud. Looking over to Tommy she gave an unsettling look, one that sent more chills down his spine than morning air.*

*“You” she laughed finally letting go, at least he got them to do one thing right. “You're really one to talk **little one**” venom Tommy hasn't heard sense the start of the apocalypse was shown as she sank her words into his skin.*

*“You think you're a hero!?” Her grin turned morbid “ You saved nothing but a **freak** . If you would have left him or even better killed him you would be happy! He's just a annoying bug!” He doesn't think- no he knows she's no longer talking about him getting in the way of Shrouds beating. “You're nothing but an absolute child, a simple regret! By saying that he's “your kid” he'll follow in your footsteps. Nothing but a regret that will eventually die and the same way your mother did! The same way you did when you tried to jump off that cliff in the rain. to kill yourself and leave him with fucking Sally!”*

*Oh, it's true tho innit?*

Tommy jolted up out of the sleeping bag, sobs racking his body and breaths becoming short. Tommy squirmed out gently enough not to wake the spider hybrid next to him. Shroud.

Tommy looked over and saw Shroud laying peacefully, *it was just a dream* . Or nightmare, half memory? Could it have been a memory. The thought made Tommy panic more, sobbing he couldn't quite quiet down as Shroud began to move in his sleep. Damn hybrid hearing. It

wasn't real he'll be fine he just needs a moment, god he really needed to calm the fuck down and stop being overdramatic.

"Mommy?" The child croaked tiredness dripping off the word.

"He- Hey shhhh go- go back to- to bed" he tried saying without it being obvious that he has been crying.

"You're crying." The boy moved and sat upwards, blankets still hanging on his shoulders as he yawned.

"Yeah it- it was just a night- nightmare it's silly I'm fine" he whispered back hand still over his mouth. The kid frowned and crawled his way over to Tommy to give him some sort of sleepy comfort.

"When ever I have nightmares you're here for me" Shroud finally opening all of his eyes to get a full look at Tommy tho half of them half lidded as it was around 4 in the morning. "So I don't see why I can't be here for you"

"I- I want you to know I'm really fucking trying I'm so sorry I've been dragging you into my mess" he humorlessly chuckled sniffing so snot from the constant sobbing doesn't drip done his face much like the tears.

They stayed silent for a bit before Shroud fully sat in his lap instead of leaning on him, Shroud giving Tommy a hug and smashing his head into his stomach.

"Your the best parent I've ever had, you never left me and if you tried- you tried to keep me safe even so. I'm the luckiest kid in this apocalypse. Thank you" Tommy hugged tight like he would disappear any second. Shroud could care less relishing in the constant affection even threw rough nights like theses.

"Your a smart kid, you know that?"

“Was taught by the best” he replied back earning a kiss to the forehead and as he looked up seeing the proudest smile he’s seen Tommy ever mustered up.

“I guess I did. That’s My Kid for you”

Sleep was much better as they both gave comfort and warmth each helping each other despite who should be the adult or responsible. Because it’s the apocalypse hell with that.

*1 week*

Chapter End Notes

I think I’ve found a uploading schedule? Chapters are every week or 8 days :) I’ll try posting more earlier but sadly currently being evicted heh.



# Spider Instincts

## Chapter Notes

Hullooooo bit of a longer chapter for once :D Also changed the title of this fic so some things make a bit more sense soon ;)

It's 2:25 AM currently where I live so if you celebrate it happy thanksgiving :)

TW:

Past child abuse, mentions of starvation

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was a better day, The sun was out and big fluffy clouds danced in the sky as Shroud would say. Tommy would tell him about how they look similar to cotton candy, Tommy also having to explain the sweet cotton. Shroud being all excited and in awe of such a thing looking as poofy and fluffy as a cloud does. He thinks being told that there were different kinds and colors really set the boy into determination to find the candy.

Though the air is becoming more crisp, nothing green in view except view patches of grass. Piles and piles of leaves that set as perfect warnings to any mobs nearby or animals (food). Also making a playful atmosphere for a little boy with semi-short black hair, a cow plush handed down from the boy's guardian tight in his clutch. Sometimes the older blonde would join in and sometimes he'll watch with nostalgia and happiness, smiling promising better and longer lasting memories.

The two find themselves in front of an old shop, a big one at that. The name of the shop with big red letters already falling off vines cover the outer line hiding the name of the probably invested store.

6 days, 6 days estimated till they reach their location. 6 days and no more outings and adventures anytime soon promising to keep low and safe for a bit, maybe even years. They might as well take the chances even if the place was probably invested and rummaged through it's nothing they haven't handled yet. Shroud was the one to point out the store in the first place, suggesting that now would be the time to do such a dangerous thing. His expression buzzed with excitement due to never being in a bigger store then a simple gas station or market.

The two pushed through the smashed clear doors, glass crunching on the floor as they walked in. Mob bodies littered the floor and remains stick to shelves and cash registers. The sight already made Tommy nervous sure he's seen bodies and remains scatter the floor at some pharmacies and/or gas stations but never this many. He glances to the side of the duo and sees a *human* hand, usually human or hybrid remains are already eaten up by some zombie or slurped up by a slime slowly decomposing. Tommy only ever saw a human body or remain during the first few weeks of the apocalypse due to mobs not getting to them in time, let's just say he did not miss seeing it.

With that he held Shroud closer and gently made them turn the other way as Tommy kept the bile rising in his throat down.

"Hey Shroud, you might see some... things in here so if you ever feel like you need to get out or it makes you uncomfortable just tell me" He said looking at him with a reassuring smile.

The younger one huffed, "I'm a big man like you said!" Grin displayed on his face.

The other hummed "still" he said ruffling the others hair, glad it was softer from the wash a few days before. Unfortunately instead of relishing in the moment his hands were swatted at by the boy with complaints on how he was ruining his epic hair.

Both of them went down Isles of the store with all of the supplies and food already taken, even frozen foods that are pretty much useless in the apocalypse. Luckily there were no more bodies of any kind but many limbs of skeletons and zombies clearly something must have happened here. The two looked more and still saw nothing, Tommy would normally get panicked by this due to only having about 3 days worth of food, but again he is estimated they'll have about 6 more days till they get there he'll just.... eat less, Make sure Shroud gets more sense he needs it for all the walking. he's been in foster homes before like that and withholding food as a punishment was normal he can pretend it's just another one of those situations and it will be fine. He did find 3 water bottles in the back of some random shelves! So no bad dehydration at least.

As they walked out of the food isles, Hissing noises were heard around them. Tommy slowly looked up to find a mutated spider. Tommy and Shroud have run into mob spiders before and found out that they're usually only hostile in dark areas for some reason. But when a hostile spider comes to attack, hiss, or get close it gets pretty weird or more say traumatizing with

Shroud. Tommy doesn't know if it's like this for all spiders, large or small regular ones but, he's found out they can be territorial?

It was dark outside when it happened of course making the spider hostile when it eventually came out of nowhere. As per usual the pair were talking about the day whilst Tommy wrote in his journal when the thing just came out of nowhere hissing and suddenly a spider was arching its back like a cat ready to attack. When suddenly Shroud just launched himself at it, not listening to Tommy's protest as he fought the thing. Red eyes looking sharp with hunger and the need to survive as he scratched and punched the thing, of course with it fighting back. Panic thriving in his veins as he went to stop the little one before he got hurt when he saw Shroud bite into one of the legs and rip it clean off. He was 6 and just ripped a leg clean off of a mutated spider's leg. Just like that the spider stopped fighting back black and red ooze pouring out of it twitching every now and then before going still.

He thinks that's when he saw how Shroud was indeed a Hybrid despite the two arms. He realized the pointed ears, the rows of red eyes and pointed teeth that could be compared to razors. He thinks that's when Shroud realized because of the little instinct he didn't know about he set off into a panic. Both soon calmed down and had a talk about it and like that everything was fine again just more aware. It only ever happened one more time feeling more like one of those cheesy movies where some guy tells a dog to "sick em boy". At that time it was a lot less surprising but still leaving panic and adrenaline.

So as the hissing came closer and the grip on his sweatshirt tightened he knew this was going to be another one of those moments. Hissing and somewhat growling escapes his lips not breaking eye contact with the deadly mob and instead like it was a dog crossing territory, Which in this situation probably is. With a blink of his eyes they both launched at each other wrestling what seems playful when you see the 6 year old but actually a fight to the death. Tommy slowly pulled out his bat in case anything happened, he knew he should go in and probably do something but if this is some kind of hybrid instinct he doesn't want to interfere.

Unlike last time, Shroud's hand must have slipped when handling one of the spike-like legs, and of course he got hurt. A small but deep cut on Shroud's right chin that dripped with crimson. A screech is sounded and Tommy takes the bat and swings. A blooded spider smears across the floor sliding and making a sickening sound till it hits the wall.

"Hey, hey, are you okay?" Tommy rushed over to Shroud and said in a panic.

“Mom..... it hurts” tears welling up in his eyes, a low whine rushing out as he went to go touch the blood dripping from his chin.

“I know, I know, hey, look at me. Don’t touch your chin come on big man” he picked up the boy and looked for a clear aisle to patch him up.

Fortunately they found one in only a few minutes and he gently set down Shroud and searched through his duffel bag to find the first aid kit. When he found it he practically threw it up to get everything he needed. He picked up one of the water bottles from today and poured some onto a small towel, handing it to Shroud and telling him to put pressure on the wound. With the blood at least stopping a lot more he finally calmed down and rummaged through the aid kit with ease. He eventually found a alcohol-free wipe in the dim light and slowly took the towel from Shrouds face.

“This is going to hurt for a bit, alright” the other only nodded whilst holding in tears, and god did that send a pain through Tommy’s heart.

He started dabbing the wound with the wipe and with his other hand used the wet side of the towel to clean the remaining blood on his neck and clothing the best he could. Despite his efforts the bleeding didn’t stop but it was lessened. He picked a large plaster and set it on Shroud’s wound covering it whole. Tension was released from his shoulder as he finished cleaning the mess with the first aid kit. The others face scrunched up in pain and tears rolling down the many of eyes making a effort to wipe it away as his other arm hold the plaster gently.

That’s when it hit him that he still had the pain medication from when he first met Sam. Just the name of the man made bitterness swell up in his stomach as he reached for his old backpack. Wait.... Of course how can he be so stupid Shroud was 6! He can’t take this shit. He set his backpack back down and signed just wanting to make the kids pain go away when he got the idea, distraction! That always cheered him up when he was hurt or well at least he’s pretty sure did.

He looked around the aisle and there were a lot of beauty products causing Tommy to cringe. The last thing he wants is to have messy makeup on his face done by a child. No offense but makeup, not his thing. stuff on his face makes him so uncomfortable as it is he doesn’t understand how people do that. Turning he saw something else. A whole row of nail polish. Tommy actually has had his nails painted before, some girl in middle school paid him 20

dollars to paint his nails hot pink and he thinks he looked rather epic despite what all the other fuckers thought, fuck gender roles he looked better than they ever will. Anyway it was a distraction, something that took your mind away from a spider mob puncturing your skin after basically getting into a fist fight with it.

“Hey Shroud” Tommy said in a hush tone with a gentle smile to go with it. The wounded boy looked up “Look big man, something for you to do” he slid the bottle of black nail polish to the other as he gave a confused look.

“Never heard of nail polish” he shook his head no, curiosity written all over his face.

“Well it’s something you put on your fucking nails, make em look all cool n shit.” The spider hybrid smiled using his bottom arm pair to pick up the container.

“How do I...” he asked unscrewing the top.

“Here hand it real quick let me show you big guy” He lifted it up and handed it to the older excitement replaced pain in his red irises.

Tommy laid out his hand and with a flick of his wrist and unsteady hand painted one of his nail. It came out a bit shitty but he would say it looks pretty good for his first time. Shroud reached forward, “can I?...” Tommy nodded his head and laid out his finger in which the hybrid took and started to try and copy what Tommy was doing.

Eventually he went there and was convinced to do the other hand so he had a full set of black painted nails, saying it added character with a few giggles. Whilst Tommy waited for his to try Shroud saw and picked a red one much like Tommy’s hoodie and started to do his as well. Doing just as a shorty job but He could never admit it to Shroud.

With excitement and gleam the other talked about matching pulling Tommy’s heart strings. It seemed it was made to distraction Shroud from the wound and incident but instead distraction them both.

## ***6 Days***

### Chapter End Notes

Did a bit of researching for this chapter and due to finding out that spider are pretty territorial of their “web” I wanted to make this :D

Basically trying to say is that Shroud thinks of Tommy as his “web” so is very protective if another spider comes close.

Although they are getting closer to different territory;)

# Familiar humming

## Chapter Summary

someone we haven't seen yet ;)

## Chapter Notes

I actually really like how this one turned out :D also the longest one I've wrote yet :]  
Didn't reread to check anything because it's currently 1:00 am for me so sorry if wonk

TW: brief mention of suicide

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Gently humming could be heard throughout the dead town ahead of them, snow melting from where it was the night before. It snowed, *it snowed* . Tommy really hopes they get there soon because he really doesn't want Shroud or even him to go through weather like this in the apocalypse. All the leaves are already decaying leaving dead cold trees in the early winter. With the chilly weather leaving and bringing cold winds instead Tommy had to guess fall was over.

Reminding him that he had to get something for Shroud since the younger boy mentioned having a birthday near this time. They were currently in a small town much like that one Tommy started in but shops spread around were different from the ones before. It seemed like just A regular day before the apocalypse with snow layering mob remains and blood splattered on the sidewalk and road. Of course bones from hopefully skeletons and green ooze of slime could be seen sticking out tho ignoring it you can barely tell.

The two were walking on the sidewalk passing by random stores, half of the insides full of dust and windows smashed in. All the things that once used to litter the shelves are gone except tiny useless trinkets. Shroud was balancing on the sidewalk using Tommy's hand to balance as he crept on the edge, every few seconds Tommy would jerk, getting complaints from the smaller while he giggled mischievous. It was still quiet tho, only Tommy's humming accompanying them but soon Shroud gave up on the construction and walked along him soon noticing the others humming.

“Why are you humming?” Tommy turned his attention to the younger as he stopped.

“What?”

“You're humming, why?” That's when it dawned on him that Shroud probably never experienced much music before, humming only used to show acknowledgement or short answers for him.

“Ah, well do you remember any music?” The other just shook his head, frowning a bit. Even if it wasn't the others fault Tommy found himself being a little offended by this, I mean it's fucking music! It's the best!

“Well it's the best thing ever, it's like hmm-“ Tommy tried to think of the best way to explain music to some kid who doesn't even remember or never even had experience with it. He looked around vividly remembering that in some towns he stayed in use to have some stupid music shop where all the “aesthetic” kids went. There he spotted one. Two records as the logo and what he assumes could have been big red lights now a full dark red read “Cat and Mellohi music shop”.

“Ah there!” He pointed towards the shop and dragged Shroud along. The boy occasionally tripping but not minding it to much due to the sudden excitement.

From the outside of the shop it wasn't much, the logo and shop name plastered on a neon or use to be neon purple and bright green sign. The shop was on the corner giving it a kinda curve to it, and surprisingly the windows were intact though half of them are covered in ‘AMAZING DEALS!’ And ‘BUY ONE GET ONE FREE’ signs. Honestly the owner seemed desperate. Before entering Tommy slowly drawled out his bat like he usually does when entering a new area or store lightly slouching Shroud behind him in case something jumps out.

He pushed through the semi intact door edging closer and around the tiny corners to see if something was there. A bell goes off when they enter, scaring the shit out of Tommy which sends laughter into the one behind him. Despite the situation and maybe even having mobs nearby the boy laughed at Tommy's flinch in which Tommy (kindly must he say) delivered a



slap to the back of his head. If there was any mobs they would have come out already or made a noise trying to so Tommy let himself sag no longer on high alert. Dust layered the shelves and counters, other than that the shop seemed to be in shape like nobody has been in here since the start of ,well, y’know.

Though it isn’t that surprising to see this place has so much in it. I mean music and things like that aren’t that much needed in the apocalypse. Even before it you could just go on your phone and download Spotify and then boom everything you want to listen to is there. Not having to pay anything for it or go through all the work of getting something to play it on. CDs sat in dust much longer before the apocalypse as do records, all they had to do was look for a record player and CD player and they’ll be all set.

Tommy did notice something else about the music shop, not only did they have CDs and Records but they had instruments. *So this is what kept this shop managing* . None that he could play were up on the wall or near, of course he knew how to play the piano and you can’t really fit that in a tiny shop like this. Guitars, ukuleles, trumpets, and a fucking saxophone hung on the wall.

“Woah, this is so cool!” Shroud passed Tommy looking around in amazement at the place. “It even is intact unlike the others!” He said turning around and making eye contact with the older curiosity and excitement blooming the red irises.

“Yeah, yeah it is big man. Dusty as shit tho.” Tommy ran a finger across a shelf Looking at the thick layer of dust on his finger in disgust.

Shroud giggled “So which one is music?” Looking around, even flicking through CDs and eyeing the instruments. The human only huffed in amusement.

“Well everything in here is, just have to pick something im sure I can find a record player in here somewhere...” he trailed off going behind the counter, towards the back door.

It was closed, when he noticed that he halted. Something could be in there with the closed door stopping whatever in there from going near them when they first came in. And with that thought he slowly brought up his bat again, hands sweaty, he honestly hated situations like this, surprises are never the nicest. Gripping the hand Tommy sucks in a sharp breath and swings open the door about to swing and-

*Flapping*, he swats at his nose and a very large moth lands on his shoulder. It had to be the size of his head and yet Tommy couldn't be scared of the thing, mesmerized by the pink and yellow colors of it. Instead of shooing it away he slowly reached his hand out and what do you know the moth took it crawling onto his hand. Giant eyes meet his yet fear didn't build up instead fondness. Tommy let out some kind of noise of amazement pupils growing large as he looked at it, at *her*.

"I'm going to call you Clementine!" He giggled lifting his hand upwards on his head in which *Clementine* didn't hesitate to take her spot. The boy slowly lifted his hand down making sure not to move as the moth shifted, getting comfy he guessed before she finally settled. He grinned returning back to his work of looking for a record player, sense that's kinda the only thing he knew how to set up due to having a foster sibling having some hyperfixation on vintage things.

Within minutes of searching around boxes and spider webs Tommy managed to find one, Clementine still resting in her spot when he picked it up. Tommy hesitantly sat his bat near the door entrance before picking it up and dragging it to the counter where he could see Shroud looking through records and picking whatever catches his eye. As soon as he sat it down on the glass wooden counter with a thud it caught the other boy's attention. Him walking over with all arms gripping on to different CDs and records.

Of course he spots the moth resting on Tommy's head before even paying attention to the record player.

"What's that?" The boy asked head titled and face scrunched up a mix of curiosity and confusion.

"*Sheee*, is Clementine. She's a moth and your new sister" Shroud looked offended by that and that's what sent Tommy in a fit of laughter. The moth was of course caused a disturbance by this and flew over landing in Shrouds hair instead.

"It's a pet, not my sister." The hybrid frowned. Tommy only put a hand on his chest and gasped dramatically.

“What are you... jealous, bitch boy.” Immediately calling your kid a bitch is probably not the most mature but it made Tommy laugh even harder seeing the boys face go red.

“Such a terrible mom, I disown you, you can have fun with *Clementine* now” the spider hybrid said with disgust. Shaking his head so the moth would leave, but at last it didn’t clutching on too his hair instead which honestly was impressive even for a moth twice the size of his Shrouds head.

Forgetting and moving on from the moth, Shroud finally realized what Tommy really was in the back room for. “And what’s this?” He put his hands on the counter much like a child looking at cookies ready to feast.

“Oh yeah, this is what we’ll be playing the music on you could say, so you don’t need those CDs” he pointed towards the pile of grey stacked CDs that Shroud put on the counter catching a glance at the “My Chemical Romance” one and grimaced. “Just the uh, discs?” The boy nodded, giving a wide smile before with a slide of his arms, knocking all of the CDs off the table, creating loud sounds that Tommy couldn’t help flinch at, hoping the little one didn’t notice.

“Well.... You didn’t need to do that” he stared at the pile of broken CDs and disc holders. He shook his head “alright just hand me one of the records you picked out” he said adjusting the record player. Shroud handed him some random one not bothering to even look at it, dust covered it except for tiny finger prints of Shroud so he quickly blew it off sneezing as he did so. Shroud about to make fun of him before getting a portion of the dust coming his way sending him coughing. Tommy chuckled and mumbled a faint “L” looking down he saw the words “We’ll meet again” staring right at him. This peaked his interest, he’s heard of this song before but never really actually *heard* it, he just knew one of his best foster parents liked it.

Gently he placed the record in making sure to not accidentally scratch it with the stylus, then lowering it on the spinning record. the sound slowly became louder from the old record player, as they both watched in amusement. The song was gentle as a ladies voice started singing, very old times music but.. nice, different.

“Woah” Shroud gasped leaning closer, stars practically dancing in his eyes. “I think I like music,” he whispered in trance.

They both sat on the floor, Shrouds head laying against Tommy's shoulder as Clementine cuddled in his lap. The younger one accepts the bug's existence. Usually at a time like this he would get out Shroud's "school" work and his journal But instead he thinks he'll make an exception for this. It's been so long since he's heard someone sing or anything like that in a while.

"Hey mommy, what was the song you were humming earlier" Tommy stopped staring at the door but only a inch away just in case and turned his attention to Shroud. Him petting the large moth despite being jealous of her the first time by itself made him huff, but where did he get the song from-

"I heard it from someone," he said, suddenly hit with a memory of a Burnette singer he met by a fountain. "Not anyone famous but, like, a stranger I guess was singing it and it kinda just stuck with me" he smiled remembering sitting there and sometimes exchanging banter with the teen. He wonders how he's doing, even if he only knew him for a few hours it already felt like they were brothers.

*A kid with messy blonde hair huffed sweat dripping down his head as his panting came to an end. A crooked smile replaced his panic expression relief dripping from the 12 year olds bones as he corrected his posture. Walking around like he didn't just pickpocketed 50 dollars from some man. To be fair when he bumped into him he didn't even apologize so he doesn't feel guilty at all.*

*The boy walked around some more not even caring that the day seem to almost be done for as he made out the tiniest bit of pink and orange from the sky. Sunset, sunrises we're always his favorite reminding him of the women who tried her hardest and would do anything for him despite the suicide. Tommy could hear music from across down the road, feeling drawn in Tommy thought he could spare a few minutes to listen in (even if those minutes ended in hours).*

*The boy swerved through the somewhat busy sidewalk and found himself in front of some guy playing his guitar with a smooth voice, one that draws anybody in. The guitar case was open*

*on the ground showing money and cents dropped off by people nice enough to spare the kid money for his talent. Tommy smirked at how easy it would be to beg and act like some poor child to get all that money. Though he already did his share of thievery for today so I guess it's time to do his share of harassing instead.*

*So Tommy walked up to the man, his eyes staring and focusing at his guitar strings and by the smile on his lips tugging a bit up by the shadow of Tommy, he could tell that 1. He thought Tommy was going to give him money or 2. Was going to be a sweet kind child and complement him. But he didn't know if wasn't either.*

*"You look like a bitchy theater kid" and that made him stop abruptly, looking up at Tommy with shock. To which Tommy just bursted out laughing.*

*"Well that is a bit rude, where are your parents gremlin?" Okay so maybe he didn't think the theater kid would actually say something, especially that.*

*And with that banter was shared between the two all starting to talk about everything and nothing at once, not even catching the man's name. But the brunette did end up playing a few more songs for Tommy, and already from first hearing it the blonde chose "since I saw Vienna" as his favorite one. He wouldn't be aware that the song would be stuck in his head throughout his life still.*

*But then there was no longer sunset and instead a moon held high in the sky instead anyone could tell that it had to be hours.*

*"Well it was nice meeting you bitch boy, but I've gotta get home." Tommy stood up stretching from where he sat on the fontaine.*

*"Ah I guess I should as well, tho would you mind telling me your name gremlin?" The teen apparently said, packing his guitar inside the case and pocketing the money. Slinging the strap over his shoulder He faced Tommy again.*

*"Tommy innit, very nice to meet you?," Tommy said, raising an eyebrow at the man he could probably call a brother already even though they only met hours ago.*

*“Wilbur soot, it indeed was nice to meet you Tommy” Wilbur chuckled with a warm and comforting look in his eyes.*

*“Yeah, I hope to meet again” he shook the taller's hand in a mock of formality.*

*“Me too” and just like that they parted ways. Both still think about each other from time to time barely feeling like strangers despite the years it's been, despite the hours of talking at the time.*

**~~*“But I know we'll meet again some sunny day”*~~**

***5 days***

Chapter End Notes

Woooooooooooo crimeboy crumbs :)))

Wilbur is 5 years older than Tommy in this btw

On another note it has just clicked with me this isn't technically a sbi fic yet because you guys haven't seen them :0 get ready for a treat in the future sbi enjoyers

# Morning and fear

## Chapter Notes

Not very proud of this, didn't reread it either to check for things so this will probably be more of the shitty chapters lol hope ya enjoy tho! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy woke up with a gasp, hand reaching out for something he couldn't quite remember. *Nightmare*. He's been having them more recently with getting closer to the camp, the what if's kinda situation. Sometimes he doesn't remember them, only waking up with a silent cry and yearning for something he couldn't remember.

As he always does he checks that Shroud is still fast asleep. He tried to stand up only to feel a large spike of pain in his stomach, oh and that too. Tommy hadn't ate much in the last couple of days being wary of the two's low food supply and making sure Shroud gets enough to eat. He's not worried too much about it because he's fine longer without food, those kinds of punishments from foster care were the worst. He also didn't have to worry that much because of only the few more days of travel until they finally reached the safe camp.

Ah the safe camp, the thing that has Tommy's nervous system by the throat. Whenever he remembers they're heading that way he just feels an overwhelming anxiety by what could happen to him, to Shroud. Honestly sometimes he thinks about just knocking on the door or however you get in and just leaving him there. He couldn't imagine what they would do to the poor kid if they knew he was connected with a *human*. But at least for his own selfish reasons he couldn't. He's already deeply attached to the boy and has the need to make sure he's safe at all times; he couldn't just do something like that to the kid. Not after his promise too.

Sighing Tommy ran his fingers through the already greasy and long hair. He looked around in the dark trying to adjust his eyes until he saw the thing he was looking for. Spotting the dark red hair tie he reached over and gently plucked it from under a bag of crisps they ate before going to sleep.

He yawned as he pulled his hair back into a messy bun, not liking how a lower ponytail tickles his neck. The human proceeded to stretch and rub his eyes, noticing that it had to be

around 7:00 am as the sun began to rise. He couldn't help the smile that spread all over his face at it, this was always why Tommy never went back to bed after a nightmare. Because he got to see the sunrise, the thing he wakes up for and gets ready to go back on his feat to find a safe place for Shroud. Speaking of the kid, he kinda reminds Tommy of the Sunrise too, the reason he wakes up, the reason he doesn't wailed away and wait for a mob to devour him.

Heh *my kid, my sunrise*.

Tommy likes the sound of that.

He removed the patchy blanket he had over his torso bringing it up to Shroud to keep him warm till he woke up. The Spider hybrid unconsciousness snuggled into the extra warmth, a small smile appearing soon after. And with that Tommy let out a content sigh and started up his usual morning routines reaching over and grabbing the large duffel they relay on like a lifeline.

Brushing his teeth with a crooked yet usable toothbrush, a half empty water bottle and a surprisingly not entirely empty tube of toothpaste. Exchanging the warmest red sweater he had for the classic bloody hoodie instead, not even bothering to change out of his old animal crossing T-shirt. Already wearing the cleanest pair of jeans he had, same with his mismatched socks which made it easier just to slip on the use to be red converse but more of a brown with old blood dried into it.

Pulling the other backpack he looked for things for Shroud to eat that morning, knowing full well the boy is more capable of finding and putting on clothes himself. God he really does sound like a mother, Tommy shivered. He's *cool, not* a mum. After searching and pulling things out of the packed backpack he found 2 cups of cheerios. Quickly debating if mixing water and cheerios instead of milk would taste good or not, he decided fuck it and pour some water into the cup. Cringing at the wha it tasted, wasn't bad per say just... weird.

After being done with it he went outside the little shack they found in the woods. Looking to see if any mobs were near to ruin get in the way of them leaving and continuing to the safe camp. Luckily he only found a zombie roaming away from their pathway and two slimes



already leaving the area. The snow on the ground seemed a lot more intimidating as he took a shaky breath, seeing his breath he went back into the somewhat warmth the shack held.

An hour later shuffling was heard and Tommy looked up to see the sleepy spider hybrid, stretching all four of his arms, one of the pair rubbing his eyes as he yawned. Tommy put away his journal sliding over the cheerios to Shroud giving the water bottle he used a glare before pushing it halfway between the two.

Soon the two were off for the day walking to the hybrid safe camp once again.

---

“Do you think when we get to the camp I can get a pet?” A look of determination settled on the kid's face as he tried his best balancing on a log.

“A pet? What kind of pet.” The older asked watching to make sure he didn’t fall or get hurt, the same person who claims he isn't parent like.

“Hmmmm, a cat?” Finally hopping off the end of the log a small grin of pride as he made it through without losing balance.

“Listen, if you ever got a cat come to me I know the best names for cats” Tommy grinned, before the apocalypse people would say *puss boy* was a bad name, but this is his domain now.

“You always said their was another word for Cat, what was it again?” Shroud looked up at Tommy with the most innocent eyes and Tommy couldn’t help grimacing, he said he was a parent but this is too far for a child.

“I’ll teach you when you’re older” he said, avoiding Shroud’s sweet, innocent eyes instead ruffling his hair.

“Okay well if not a cat, then what else?” He giggled, catching up with Tommy as he already charged forward to avoid any further inspection.

“Mm, a cow. Cows are the best animals to exist” a smile tugged at Tommy’s lips at the thought of the animal, they were just so *perfect*. He hasn’t seen one for such a long time though.

“Okayyyyy, but cows are big, why not a cat?”

“Because i’m not letting you get a pussy” Tommy blurted without thought, he was always bad with filters.

“What’s a pussy?” Shroud asked, genuinely confused. In which Tommy cackled and crumpled in on himself.

The banter between the two continued for what was probably hours. Stopping every now and again to eat, change bandages, check supplies and to do their daily work. It was a peaceful day so far, one that Tommy is definitely going to miss when they reach the hybrid safe camp. Assuming that they don’t let you go on hour (s) long walks in the forest or anywhere without more people. Especially with Tommy only being a teenager and Shroud just a kid. Well hopefully they don’t find out about Tommy’s age just assume he’s an adult because of the child with. But that’s *if* they are let in *if* something bad doesn’t happen.

Only an hour more passes by before the two run into something.

*An underground line? In the forest?*

A staircase that lead down a gate shoved away, hands clutched his tighter as the younger noticed it too.

*How was this possible? This is supposed to be impossible. Who would make a line in the middle of the forest? Is this a trap? It shouldn't be- it shouldn't exist. Is it just him? Is there something down there? Does it lead somewhere?*

Overwhelming stress and confusion pooled in his stomach.

“Mommy, what’s that?” The spider hybrid asked, sensing the humans distress.

“Um...” he was lost for words, shaky breaths left his mouth as he tried to form what was going on.

***CRACK***

Tommy’s breath caught in his throat, nerves already too high, he reached and swiftly picked up Shroud rushing over to a tall and thicker tree to hopefully keep them out of danger. His breath came out wicked and rushed using both of his hands to cover the two mouths. Shroud looked terrified and on the verge of sobbing but luckily trying to hold it down.

“Hello?...” They both froze, fear paralyzing the duo.

“Techno?, I swear if you followed me again I’m going to tell Phil!” The man speaking huffed, chuckling as he made his way to the underground line from what Tommy could see.

*Fuck*

---

“Hello?...” The man asked, hearing russeling in the bushes near by.

“Techno?, I swear if you followed me again I’m going to tell Phil!” He let out a huff of air before chuckling to himself, *it could have been just a animal* , he reminded himself and with that he moved forward.

Wilbur found this place whilst he was in a supply run, he’s just kinda went to ever since. He used it as a way to come up with lyrics or to get some privacy due to him having to share his room with his family. He doesn’t really know why there is a underground train station in the middle of the forest, it shouldn’t even be possible. But then again they lived in the apocalypse where 50% of the population are hybrids now.

The hybrid heads down the stairs to the entrance, slightly moving the rusted gate to get in better. Eventually he does taking in a breathe of old rusted metals and biter air. He’s currently working on a “album” that will sadly never release due to these conditions. The burnette smiles sadly before setting down the guitar that hanged on his back and opening it. A few lyrics he was working on was there as well.

Wilburs please tell moment was soon caught off as he heard russeling, *and someone sprinting*. Thank fuck for his heightened hearing and sense because he whipped his head around to see someone making a mad dash for where he was coming from. Listen he could be just being paranoid but he doesn’t think that person was bong somewhere else, the Dream team even mentioned that some one was near.

With panic breaths Wilbur reached for his com shakingly trying to get ahold of anyone on the line, static was heard and just before he went to change it to a different channel someone’s voice came on.

“Hello?” Phil was on the other side. Relief hit him like a train.

“Phil!” He yelled smile on his face as he got ahold of someone. “Phil I went out and- and I- I heard someone running towards the camp. “I need Ranboo to come pick me up.....” He ran

his fingers through his hair and chewed on his bottom lip in stress. This was about a days worth of traveling so heading back with someone potentially going to the camp would be stupid. Hopefully it's a hybrid and Wilbur just scared them and instead went running. last time he was heading out the direction of the camp he saw a horrid of mobs so if it's a human then Wilbur doubts they can make it through there unless they have heavy weaponry.

A sigh was heard on the other side, "alright mate, send me your cords and I'll get Ranboo to come get you" Wilbur tail wrapped around his leg squeezing himself a bit for insurance. He told Phil his cords and about 10 minutes Ranboo was there already looking tired, guilt filled Wilbur but he knows it was for a good thing.

They got back to the camp and as always someone was there to lead him back to his room to rest. He told everyone to get prepared cause they have no idea who this fucker is, a human or a hybrid.

*3 days*

Chapter End Notes

We're getting closer to camp :)  
Wilbur: piglin hybrid (mob hybrid)

# You'll always be my sunrise

## Chapter Notes

Hulloooo, you guys really motivated me in the comments into getting one out early :D I really do love reading your comments it makes my day :]  
Also I think you should be more excited for next chapter then this one ;)

TW:

Implied/mentioned suicide, mentioned starvation

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Snow crunched under them as they continued walking in the forest. They've passed by one town but that was hours ago there was nothing but forest now, silence hung between the duo. Despite the chilling weather Tommy was sweaty wrapped in as much clothes they got from the last town. It wasn't even cold outside at the moment but you could never be sure how bad it can get, Tho the snowing and windy weather stopped around an hour ago just leaving snow layered on the ground.

He thought about the other day briefly, he was lucky that years in the foster system and being a "flight" risk he was able to get away. Tommy really hopes he hasn't gotten rusty at the whole running away thing and whoever that was didn't see him. Damn well did hear him though and that's what scared the boy.

In all honesty Tommy wanted to cry, wanted to scream because he was scared. His grip on his bat tighten needing something to ground him before he bursted into tears. It's what- 1 more day? Maybe even today?! If his estimate is right that is but still. Is it really to late just to turn back? Because holy shit does he want to go back so badly. It's selfish and with winter here it's unpredictable what can happen. Plus it could only be a few hours before they even find the place so it's futile to go back now.

*Just think about Shroud*, the kid holding his hand, the kid who liked taking pictures of all the cool things he discovered. The kid who can be safe from all the dangers if they make it to this camp. And maybe, just maybe, the kid won't be alone with some child playing the parent act. Then he could be free, and then he could be with his mum again, he's already made so many mistakes and broken promises. What's one more?

Of course his own mind had to betray him

*Are you really going to leave Shroud with some strangers?*

This actually made the boy wince, luckily the spider hybrid holding his hand didn't notice too distracted by the crunching under his feet looking as if he was deep in his own thoughts as well. But it's true is he really going to leave Shroud with strangers if he does decide to go . He's already gone through all the situations of if he isn't let in or gets killed because of it. But has he really thought of how these people could be.

They were hybrids, yes, but still people. He's met some bitchy hybrids before ones who didn't believe he just wanted to take care of Shroud Even after the boy said it himself, let's just say Shroud is a pro ankle biter. He's met ones before that told Tommy he shouldn't even have a kid around in the apocalypse because he's useless in survival. Which 1. Shroud has helped and killed before (even when Tommy told him he didn't have to) 2. He's a Kid!. So who is to say these people won't even take in Shroud seeing him as useless and only another person to waste supplies on.

Tommy's thoughts were cut off as the sun hit his eyes, he looked up seeing it held right above in the center of the sky. It had to be around 12-2 by now, making it time for a break.

"Come on, let's take a bit of a break, yeah?" He said, Shroud simply having the same small smile plastered on his face nodded.

After a minute or so the two found a tree to sit under, despite the lack of leaves. Tommy pulled out a blanket setting it down under them so they wouldn't get their legs and ass wet from the melting snow now with the sun out. He opened a duffel bag pulling out 3 granola bars, passing two to Shroud and having one for himself due to it being their last food granola bars and Shroud needing to eat more with him growing up. Trust him, sometimes he doesn't have the food he needs and now he's lacking a bit in the healthy weight area.

The smaller slowly chewed on his bar looking like he's thinking hard, face scrunched up. Tommy was going to ask if he was alright but was cut off before he could get out a word.

“Hey mom...”

....

Shroud walked with some pep in his step, he was holding Tommys hand as they made their way through the forest. He was pretty excited to get to this camp, nervous but excited. He was going to live around others like him and with lots of people! Not just a group or a single hybrid they would pass by as they traveled but lots and lots of people. He heard mommy saying that when there is a hybrid safe camp hybrids flock towards it due to other cruel people using them or something. He didn't like humans, except for Tommy.

He knew Tommy was a good human. Whenever there were mean ones, sometimes he'd have to act all scary and mean to him so the others won't think anything about it and instead laugh at the boy. But whenever they were gone and out of sight the older would hug him with a death grip and repeat an apocalypse while rocking him. It would always make him cry. He didn't like seeing his mom be a jerk to him, especially over the same thing that led the boy to leaving his group to take care of him. And there was so so much more reasons why Tommy was such a good human.

So needless to say he was happy, he and his mom will live a good life and no more monsters to bother them and mommy will eat again, or ever be sad and try to leave. He hoped he really did, and there was even a possibility they wouldn't be let in. Just because the two were different, just because his mom was a good human but humans can't ever be trusted. It isn't fair, *it isn't fair*. And if they take him instead of his mom he'll beg, he'll whine, he'll bite, scratch, anything because *it wasn't fair!*

He shouldn't have to pay the consequences for others, he was good and all he can hope is the hybrid there understands that. A whine crawled up to his throat but he shoved it down so the other won't notice his distress. He didn't want to think about this but he knew deep down he had too. Because when they go to the camp, who knows what can happen, the most likely option that's going to happen is that they'll take Shroud but spare and leave Tommy, at least that's what he said. But if that happens will the other still keep the promise with him and Tommy separate?



“Come on, let’s take a bit of a break, yeah?” The other said, the spider hybrid looking up to see the bags under his eyes that could be mistaken for bruises. He nodded without mentioning it.

The blonde set a blanket on the ground in which both of them sat down on it, unloading the things they’ve been carrying for hours. Shroud got out his notebook filled with all this work as Tommy held out three granola bars, giving two to him and keeping one for himself. Usually Shroud would have mentioned him not eating the same but they were close to camp so they’ll share supplies, if they let him in so he won’t starve.

As they are in silence Shroud slowly starts chewing on his food, a question that has been nagging at him for a while on the tip of his tongue. With camp being so close this was probably a good time to ask, although he doubts it’s ever a good thing to ask something like this. So he clears his throat getting himself to prepare to ask a question that will probably be a lot for the both.

“Hey mom...” he started off quietly but luckily Tommy heard him.

“Yeah big man?” His voice was gently and the concern was clear in it too.

“I know we or you, don’t talk about this much but um. Why did you try to leave? Y’know that uh one night.” Shroud asked, looking up to see Tommy’s face written with shock and regret. “You’ve mentioned how- how we might be separated again and I just don’t want you to di- die” Shroud said tears threatening to roll down his face as multiple of his eyes stinged.

“Oh my boy, come here.” He held his arms out and Shroud took them trying to soften his cries.

“Shhhhhh it’s alright I’ll explain, I’m not going to... leave as I promised , didn't I?” Shroud couldn’t see it but a sad smile was on his face. His own tears threaten to fall, he knew he’d break the promise if they got separated. Because what is his life without purpose or focus to protect. But he’ll pretend and maybe it won’t even happen and he could be happy, could heal for once.

“Before this, the apocalypse-“ he let out a watery chuckle, hands running through the others hair as he calmed down and snuggled closer. “I- I was in this thing called the foster system, yeah? I’ve talked about it before with you. But the foster system was there so I could find a family, but y’know that didn’t work out due to the system being complete shit for me. And I will have to admit I was a bit traumatized from it heh. I thought I’d never get a family and so I tried to hurt myself. I tried to leave and join the person who put me in that system in the first place.” He sniffed as a tear rolled down his cheek slipping through his attempts at shoving it down.

“What...?” The boy in his arms whispered.

“I had a mom too. And she was the fucking best, she tried so much to cheer me up and keep me away from dangers and knowing how shit everything actually was. She- she would take me to this bench and- and we used to watch the sunrises and sunsets whenever she was off her jobs. She danced and sang with me even tho the stress was so heavy on her. She told me I was her sunrise, the reason she woke up in the morning, the reason she could be proud to say she’s raised the best kid. I was her kid, her “sunrise”” he giggled as more tears streamed his face. Shroud listened closer, finally knowing the reason why his parent was the way he was.

“And then she left. She died, and took a dive off the cliff right where we used to sit. And that day she kissed me on the forehead, hugged me tight, told me that she’ll be leaving for a long while and how much she loved me. Telling me I’ll always be her sunrise and then leave me alone. I grew up in the foster system from then and it really fucked with me. I guess with this being the end of the world I didn’t think I would do a good job at protecting someone let alone myself. And I tried to do the same as she did hoping to meet her, maybe a bit too early then she expected.” Silence hung between the two as the other gently tugged the knots out of the child’s hair.

“I think she regretted it” Tommy flinched, not expecting that. “Because- because she loved you lots. And she didn’t get to see her- her sunrise grow up. Thank you for not making the same mistake as your mom and backing down, for me. That’s why you’re better than her or equal whatever shit you wanna call it” although there was sobs he barked out a laugh at Shroud cussing when speaking such a mature sentence.

“Y’know, you’re my sunrise. But this time I think I’ll watch you grow up, and I’ll wake every single day thinking about you whether I see you or not” (separated or not) he said as they both relished in the moment feeling as tho years passed by but only a few minutes.

Tommy already knew he’ll regret that sentence, that he may never wake again this year, but at the moment it was true. It was right. They got back to walking banter shared between the two as if the moment never happened, as if the future is unpredictable and someone may die. Both watched the sunset and made a little camp for them to gather warmth as the long day or days ahead of them.

A horde.....

*Tomorrow.....*

## Chapter End Notes

Almost there

Also! Wanted to say cause this has gotten more attention. That its Sp00ky\_here on all platforms:D (TikTok, Instagram, Twitter) just in case you ever wanna make fanart or just wanna follow me cause I do, do art of my own! Reason to why it takes a bit for me to post.



# We Made It

## Chapter Notes

Very sorry about being late D: been busy recently so this was kinda made in a rush so I'm sorry about that as well since this was supposed to be a big one. Hope you enjoy anyways tho :]

TW:

Mentions of injuries, lots of self-hatred, mention abuse,

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Instead of like the usual nightmare Tommy woke up to the sound of groaning, loud horrid groaning. Skeleton bones and hisses join as well as the boy listens closer. **Mobs**. Tommy freezes but eyes shooting open. He scanned around first seeing the spider hybrid in arms reached huddled in a blanket. They only got louder and he glanced at them seeing.... Seeing a whole **horde** of them. Luckily under the blankets they didn't seem to notice, yet.

The boy moved a little bit and reached out for the other, staring without blinking at the groaning mobs. He finally reached Shroud after what feels like years but at last only a minute. He slowly started to make his way over having to get up a bit to move over to him. An enderman from the horde turned its head briefly looking over the two and with no eye contact made it look towards the direction of the mobs.

With that Tommy let out a quiet sigh of relief and covered both him and the Shroud with blankets. Putting them over their heads so the mobs don't see much movement and human-like features. As much as Tommy could relish in the warmth of being encased with blankets they had to go before the two get eaten by the horde groaning beyond the layers of blankets.

With the same hand he used to cover them up he put it over the boy's mouth making him stir. Tommy repetitively whispered his name to not cause panic when Shroud would wake up with a hand over his mouth. Within only a few seconds the boy's eyes shot open realizing one of his airways was being blocked off. Luckily Tommy whispers seemed to calm him down seeing it was the older and not some random person trying to kidnap him (again..).

“Hey, hey wake up- okay hey be quiet we need to go” he whispered hands already shaking so he took them off of Shroud, also not wanting to be licked by the younger because of it.

“What’s- what’s going on...?” He managed to croak in a whisper or at least an attempt.

“It’s uh- it’s another horde but this time we have to run, so- so I need you to try and get all your shit quickly and quietly. Can you do that for me, big man?” The older one tried to smile to give reinsurance but it only showed strain.

The other just nodded his head, “okay, um now we’re just going to get up and I want you to help shove the blankets into the duffel bag. I don’t know how far away we actually are from camp so we might have to stay out another night” Tommy explained, already slowly getting up and peaking out to the.... Horde.

From what he could see none of them were looking their way but he’s sure if one of them sees them it will alert the others. And fucking god knows that would do the opposite to benefit the two whilst they were down.

“Ready?” He looks down, in which Shroud hesitatingly nodded his head.

Tommy quickly took off the blanket covering the two and started stuffing it in their duffel bag, Seeing Shroud do the same or at least trying to get the remaining of some weighted blanket they found in someone’s house.

Of course the horrible groaning was turned to them, hisses from spiders and creepers, the rattling and inhuman wobbles from skeletons and endermans. Tommy’s breath caught in his throat but didn’t spend time choking on it before quickly zipping up the bag and scanning around for anything that they were missing.

“Come on, we gotta go!” He shouted as skeletons clutched their bows, creepers walking as fast as they could with the studs they have as four legs.

Tommy goes and picks up Shroud already knowing he has his backpack on due to situations like this, or we'll they've never been a whole horde. He's shaky and is at the brink of just freezing up but he has to keep going for the sake of his and the kid in his arms. Before he can start to get going Shroud calls out.

"Wait! Henry!" The little boy says in a panic making grabby hands towards the cow beside them. And before Tommy can even protest he runs over and snatches the plushie from where it was laying, not before some zombie claws pierced his skin. With the sudden claws digged in his skin he threw his arm back making a bigger gash but at last having the cow that his kid holds so dearly to his heart.

Maybe a bit too harshly he shoves it into the younger hands but he couldn't feel much guilt when he's trying to get away and has a new found gash bleeding. So finally he breaks off into a sprint hearing a creeper go off and hoping that will save him more time. Of course he feels the impact due to creepers only going off when near a person but sets himself steady on the run again.

Panic and rushed thoughts pleaded his mind as he continued to run in the direction of the camp. At least to be optimistic in a sick way he doesn't have the thoughts of not being able to be let in or killed dragging him down. The only thing he has on his mind is to just get to safety, and safety in this case is the camp. At least for Shroud.

Piercing hot pain erupts through Tommy stopping his thoughts and he shouts out a swear instead, tears only now building up in his eyes and only now hearing the sobs of the younger he's tucked so tightly to his chest as well as a cow plushie that caused the other injury. He glanced down to find an arrow sticking out his thigh. That really wasn't good. The look of determination swaps out with a grimace at how the arrow was just sticking out of his flesh a new found limp added to his run which just slowed his run letting the horde catch up.

Tommy wanted to cry so badly, it hurt so badly and he doesn't even know how he'll deal with it when finding a place of safety. He wanted to cry much like the kid in his arms curled up and sobbing, pleading they'll be alright. He knows his time for that is over despite still being a kid, still being fifteen. He was much like Shroud except he was alone. Curled up with Henry, instead of monsters it was the fighting and the abuse of his foster siblings and foster parents. Too young, too weak, too pathetic to do anything. Of course he doesn't see Shroud like that tho, it's the same but- but Shroud could never be like what he was, it's the same but we'll Tommy's.... Tommy. He's loud, annoying, pathetic and too much, whilst Shroud is so much more. Tommy was a kid who knew he shouldn't just lay there like one because he wasn't actually a kid since his mother died.

More pain erupted in his shoulder of course another one managed to get a hit on him. He wanted to go home, he wanted to be a kid again and go back to his mothers singing on that stupid fucking bench. He sobbed this time, making a noise of struggle and a scream. But despite it he continued to limp. He saw a door, a vault? It was circle like but a door to something nonetheless. He was slowing down too, blood dripping as he still heard the whimpers of the child in his arms becoming louder. Still managing to hold him in his arms whilst limping to the vault-like door.

With all the strength he could muster he tried to run again, an arrow was shot again this time hitting the side of his stomach. He was dazed at how he was still alive but he knew he's running out of blood so he may not be for much longer. Maybe a thought like that would usually scare him but in this case he couldn't care less. Huffing desperately, limping pathetically he was almost in arms reach of the thing.

God he couldn't be lucky enough to be such a runner as a kid and less of a fighter. How long was he even running for anyways? A mile maybe, tho he doesn't know how the fuck he managed to do that whilst carrying a kid and currently having several injuries. Maybe he should have taken the multiple Opportunities coaches gave him to join a track team but then again he already knew he'll just move in a few months. But still, maybe he would have actually done better, god he's worthless. Wait now he's just getting sidetracked.

He reached it. He can feel the circle of metal under his finger tips Shroud still having his head shoved in Tommy's chest but becoming aware of the stop. He could hear a faint "we made it" from the young boy even though the slight ringing in his ear made it harder. When did that happen?

He only huffs from the amount of running realizing the horde could very well be just behind them. Then he starts to bang on the door with his free hand and shouts.

"LET US IN! PLEASE JUST LET US IN! THERE'S A HORDE! Please...!" He painted, It's truly embarrassing at how desperate he sounds. He's always said he was a big man and all that, and look where he is now. Shroud tightened his grip on Tommy's hoodie as black and white dots danced in his vision.



“I HAVE A KID PLEASE JUST LET HIM IN AT LEAST!” He was exhausted. His hands were battered and bruised from the mass amount of banging on the door or whatever the fuck it was. Legs on the verge of crumbling arm tired from caring Shroud around.

*There, a soft click on the other side of the door and slowly it starts to reel to the side.*

Tommy doesn't hesitate to move who ever was on the other fucking side and step in. He slowly set Shroud down out of his arms and collapsed, exhaustion taking over his body as he laid there limp. White and black dots almost entirely consuming his vision as he felt small hands grabbing on to him.

Tommy desperately tried to blink the dots away, with the attempts he managed to see the figure who let them in. *A hybrid*. They made it.. They actually fucking made it, Shroud was safe he could finally rest.

“Take care of him for me, yeah” He croaked out not even knowing the level of his voice but knowing it was low. Yet he could tell the hybrid heard him as one of their sheep-like ears twitched at his voice. It was all too blurry for him to make out their features or anything really. He heard the smaller cries next to him, the spider hybrid's words not quite making it to his ears but he smiled anyway. An actual one. One of relief, of happiness, no sadness, none of the bullshit his mother gave him before she died.

He pressed his non-injured hand shakily up to Shroud's cheek.

“I love you, my sunrise”

Heartbreak was clear in the child’s eyes. Finally he heard the other shout but it was too late. The dots consumed his vision and he saw nothing but darkness.

***‘They made it’***

## Chapter End Notes

Don’t worry Tommy isn’t going to die, although that was my original plan so be happy he isn’t >:]

We made it :D finally they have arrived at the camp tho I doubt anybody except for that to happen...



# Let him heal

## Chapter Notes

Despite this being short it feels like this took ages lmao, hope you enjoy :D  
(Also if you have any questions or something confuses you just ask :])

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Boredom* . That's how he'd describe it.

You think being the guard or whatever at the camp would be more entertaining, especially since a human is roaming around here. A human that is to be said might be 'heavily armed' and he's the guard. Sure he can teleport from low distances without being affected much but still why not get the strongest people, he's not even allowed a gun!

Ranboo just thinks it isn't fair he wasn't even the first option, or second, no he was the third. Eret had to attend some meeting whilst everyone agreed Techno was probably better off patrolling the area due to horde's coming past here more. Tubbo says it's probably because it's getting more cold out.

Ranboo kinda wonders how it's going to be like for some hybrids since winter is coming- or well it's technically already here. About a layer of snow already covered the ground, and with it a lot comes to mind for Ranboo. Like, do some hybrids go into hibernation due to the animal they partly are? Orrrr will there be Christmas? He barely remembers his Christmas's before due to having memory issues.

Puffy says it's because of how his hybrid transformation was, it affects a lot of people differently but memory is usually the more common which is proven by the members of the smp. Becoming a hybrid is already painful as the side effects of it don't help, I mean growing an extra limb or having your bones stretch to make room for your new features isn't exactly pleasant.

Niki, one of the medics of the camp, said due to their blood cells trying to fight it off and only kinda doing a good job is what lead to us becoming hybrids. That's why some people turn into actual mobs and some don't but it more depends on how much toxic gas or whatever you take in. Like Tubbo mentioned having a pretty shit immune system so he definitely would have become a mob if he hadn't only had a small intake. Other people like one of their supply runners fell into a lake that was hit by one of the bombs but managed to just be a hybrid then a actual mob. He is more leaning on the mob side of how he looks appearance wise tho.

Back to the main point though, guarding is so very boring. I mean if this human is so heavily armed what is Ranboo supposed to do about it? He's just some lanky 16 year old sadly. Maybe his height gives him a bit of an advantage seeing as he's almost seven feet tall. But still, all he has is a sword, HOW DO YOU EVEN FIND A SWORD IN THE APOCALYPSE!???

Honestly he's questioning just taking a nap or something. At first he was all awkward and nervous but it's been hours and clearly nothing is going to happen anytime soon, he didn't get much sleep last night anyway a few minutes wouldn't be too bad-

Rough thudding was heard from the other side of the vault door.

Well I guess he spoke too soon, instead that first nervousness and anxiety rises up. Panic now entered his system as he just stood there staring at the door in front of him. I mean what is he supposed to do nobody really except for someone to actually come. All of a sudden yelling Ranboo couldn't quite make out erupted only causing the enderman hybrid to let out a scarred wobble at the multiple noises.

He can't remember what he was supposed to do. He knew he'd be crap at this job but he didn't want to cause anything awkward by saying no. *Come on think, think, think!* He couldn't make out anything from the blurry conversation but he started hearing the yelling more clearly. Something about a horde, but wasn't Techno supposed to take care of that? Only a bit later about a kid.

A kid? In the apocalypse? At this point that was usually unheard of. A lot of hybrids and even *humans* they've passed by never had a kid with them nor mentioned knowing others with one. They've heard of deaths of them. Sadly it's basically impossible for a kid to inhale

any type of gases without dying immediately or turning into a mob, though it's not impossible seeing as they have Michael.

But- this could be a human, that has a kid? But if it is a hybrid they could be injured due to the horde they supposedly talking about. A bead of sweat rolls down Ranboo's face, *I could always teleport if harm is in my way*. And with that he started to slowly open the door, a soft click dragging out as the vault door rolled to the side.

Ranboo was immediately pushed out of the in which caused the enderman hybrid to rise the sword he now realized still rested in his hands. But as he looked and raised his weapon he froze seeing the people he let in. A human and a hybrid child...

The human set down the child and they appeared to be exhausted, blood dripping down their forearm and arrows sticking out from multiple places. Ranboo would be lying if he said he wasn't in complete shock, actually it would be the understatement of the century. There was a human and a *hybrid* child together. As Ranboo started paying closer attention The child was sobbing, crumbling on the ground near the human. Who's head turned around to look at him, and god Ranboo was caught off guard making his breath hitch as he looked at the human.

"Take care of him for me, yeah?" Blood was dripping from his nose as he looked a bit pale as well. His ear only flickered at the rough voice, easily telling he was crying and exhausted. Again the enderman hybrid could only stare as the younger child started to speak tears running down his face.

"No, no, no, no, no. M-mommy please" he whimpered, sending him into another state of pure shock, *THIS HUMAN IS HIS MOTHER????* Ranboo could honestly collapse just like the *human* did. His mind internally screaming at this situation as it just felt like a fever dream. The spider hybrid only cried more whispering words to the other choking on his words.

But the other only smiled a shaky one at that. Surprisingly it wasn't a sad one as they moved their non-injured hand towards the smaller cupping his cheek making the kid go silent. Tears still flow down his face and so does snot making the child start sniffing. The other whispers something to the spider hybrid, not even something Ranboo could hear. Though the heartbreak written all over the other's face was anything to go by it was probably something upsetting.

“No... mom, wake up, this isn't funny- WAKE UP PLEASE MOM!” The kid shook the other and- oh heck Ranboo should do something seeing as theirs a human and another hybrid. The situation itself is just a mess and something to get help for.

“Oh jeez- HELP! THERE'S A KID, SOMEONE INJURED.” He called, *oh wait I can teleport* .

And he vanished the scene in front of him or was in front of him still vivid in his mind as he appeared again in the meeting room. He appeared right by the door of the room fortunately getting a view of everyone meaning they all get a view of him. Basically almost everyone in the smp was there, well, except for a few sadly including Tubbo. But that doesn't matter, what matters is that there is some person currently bleeding out and a hybrid child calling that person their mother for some impossible reason.

“And then- ah Ranboo?” Eret was cut off at the sudden appearance which is understandable due to him only being able to interrupt if something happened, “what happened? Is everything okay?- are you?” No doubt Ranboo probably looks traumatized currently as he tried to piece together what he saw but that's going to have to wait for another time.

“I- I let someone in,” he breathed out, maybe he was feeling a lot more panicky then he thought, “and- and theirs a kid and someone's bleeding out and oh god- please help” He huffed out everyone now panicking just like he was or, well, is.

“Alright, alright I- teleport back we'll be there-“ and just like that he teleported away not even bothered to listen to the rest of what Eret wanted to say. Ranboo never did anything like that usually but- their was a kid and he's a bit panicked.

He was there again feeling a bit more dizzy but still alright to function properly. Now Ranboo would say he's good with kids as much as he jokes about punting them but he doesn't really know how to deal with a crying one, mind you a crying one that is also a hybrid... crying over losing a parental figure that is a *human*. Y'know the people who kill hybrids..

The kid seemed to be doing the same before he left sobbing and whimpering, pleading for the human to wake up, his *mommy* to wake up. Ranboo quickly made his way over to the kid kneeling down about to put his hand on the other shoulder before hearing the others sprinting down the hall to get over.

“Hey, uh hey kid. You gotta get up well take care of uh the human.” He quietly said hoping his tone would at least calm him.

The child whipped his head over to him Ranboo now noticing all his six eyes having tears building and falling from the corners of them. He sniffled looking desperate and hurt “please.... Please don’t hurt him, please heal h-” the hybrid hiccuped every part of him shaking as he looked between Ranboo, the human, and people now arriving. “He’s good, I swear. Please, please save my mama” He sobbed more curling into the hug Ranboo offered moments before so he’d stop shaking the bleeding human in front of them.

The rest happened so quickly, of course a argument broke out as the others saw the human not having any hybrid features, tho everyone voted to just have him healed and discuss what to do with him afterwards seeing as they only have limited time. Ranboo was told that he’d have to have the kid stay in his and Tubbo’s room as Ranboo was the only one he’d willingly talk to.

Ranboo stared at his door, the spider hybrid right by his side glaring at the floor arms crossed. Carrying bags that if you got close to touching he’ll hiss and bite tho it was impressive seeing him hold some dirty large backpack and a huge duffel bag full of who knows what. He could tell this was going to be rough remembering that Tubbo and Michael are on the other side unknowing of the situation. He huffed and opened the door.



## Chapter End Notes

OooooOoOooOooo things are getting interesting :)

Sorry if I wrote Ranboo badly he's very unpredictable sometimes so it confuses me lol

# Two Kids

## Chapter Notes

Hulloooo sorry again for this being late, as of current it will be my birthday in 50 minutes lmao  
Hope you enjoy :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As Ranboo opens the door he sees Tubbo and Michael sitting on the floor with toys scattered around them. He could easily blow it off as just a regular day but instead he sees the spider hybrid at the corner of his eye only reminding him of what he had to discuss with Tubbo. The two unfortunately noticed the door opening shock and surprise replacing the smile on their faces.

Tubbo let out a small gasp, “You guys found a survivor?, a child at that!” With that the boy slowly got up from where he was sitting with Micheal.

“Yeah... tho Tubbo I do think I need to talk to you about this-“ the goat hybrid tilted his confused but still excited about the new face “-uhm you can just go sit anywhere if you want...?” He said turning over to the spider hybrid who only nodded in acknowledgement not saying a word since the breakdown over the human.

Both Ranboo and Tubbo only watch as the child goes and sits in a corner, arms crossed with a sour look on his face. And with that Ranboo just huffs before turning his direction to Tubbo, more of just looking down.

“So what happened Bossman? Was there more or was it just him? Did you guys find him or did he knock on the door?” Excitement and curiosity burned more in his eyes with each question he asked.

“No-“

“Was he caught in the recent horde? Is he injured? If he was with people, were they injured?”  
\_“

“No, hey, let me explain” trying to calm the other down he could already see that the goat hybrids small tail was shaking.

It was rare they got survivors; most of the people here were already here from the start. They lived in a pretty small area although big enough that everyone didn't know each other until the start of the apocalypse. And of course due to living near they all met in the first week. So when their is others that come to the camp it's usually exciting for everyone. Plus they've never seen another small child in the apocalypse before it's practically unheard of like he said before so Ranboo could understand Tubbo's excitement.

“To answer some of your their was more people, well more just one other person. And uh yeah- yeah they did show up to the front by themselves but it wasn't exactly pleasant.”

Tubbo only frowned from the information, “so the other person did get injured?” He said in a soft voice.

“Yeah and well, uh, the person who brought him in was human...”

And, Tubbo laughed. Tubbo laughed like it was a joke cause a human being buddy-buddy with a hybrid was just another joke. But Ranboo didn't laugh instead he stood there awkwardly waiting for the boy to be done to see that Ranboo was genuinely serious about this.

Just like what Ranboo thought Tubbo calmed down from the small laughing fit. Looking up to see Ranboo's only pained expression.

“Are you- are you being serious?”

The taller one just nodded looking down, Tubbo didn't have the best experience with humans so it pains him that there was one currently in the base that could hurt him.

"Well- did you kill them? And was the kid kidnapped..?"

"No... he's alive, he's currently being patched up from what I heard. Plus I don't really know" Ranboo finally looked back at Tubbo instead of staring at the floor. He wasn't surprised to see the face on the goat hybrids face basically asking him if he's "bullshitting him"

"Now Ranboo tell me, why the FUCK would you guys heal a human?!" He whispered yelled not trying to get the attention of Michael and the other kid.

"Tubbo he-" Ranboo sighed getting ready to explain the mess to the other who was mildly pissed off, "I think the kid has some sort of relationship with the guy, when they came in he didn't even do anything to hurt the poor kid only setting him down before just falling on to the ground. And when that happened the kid started screaming and kept calling the human 'mommy' or 'mom' begging for him to wake up" Tubbo only pulled a face at that obviously still processing with the information.

"Even when he saw me he just- he just smiled and told me to take care of the kid" Ranboo would be lying if he didn't just realize what that implied .

A human, the people who call Hybrids monsters and try to kill them on sight told him to take care of apparently their kid. A kid who is a hybrid. Which only brings more questions into the mix. *Like! WAS THE HUMAN FUCKING BLIND?!* Hybrid and a human. Child hybrid and a whole person. Ranboo didn't study his face for too long to see how old the other looked but he's assuming the person was in his early twenties or something with how many arrows it took. God he hopes no person his age has to go through something like that even if they were a human.

Tubbo looked absolutely dumbfounded, speechless. Honestly that would be his reaction too.

“So they’re just going to let a human stay here? And when he’s healed” Tubbo asked

And to that Ranboo could only just shrug “Tubbo I don’t know what’s going on, but from what we discussed yes they’ll be having him stay here. Techno will be watching over tho, that’s at least what I heard Eret mumble. So we’ll be alright! You know Techno he’s strong and all”

Ranboo couldn’t tell you the look on the goat hybrid's face until it turned into a grin, “y’know when you can’t get answers from anyone else what do you do?” There was a mischievous glint in his eyes.

“Oh no” Ranboo wobbled

“Oh come on Boo! You know they aren’t going to let us know anything especially if it’s a human situation!”

“No, no, we are not going to go talk to that human, Techno will probably be there anyway”

“Come onnnnnnn, it’s been so boring we’re never allowed to do anything dangerous anymore. Plus you’ve painted this human to be some angel, like you said he had a hybrid kid with him he won’t kill us. We’ll even bring weapons, I still have my daggers!”

“Tubbo we’ll get caught, no”

They both stayed silent for a moment holding a staring contest.

“I’ll put spaghetti in tomorrow's dinner”

“Deal”

Listen, Ranboo wasn't aloud in the kitchen due to putting spaghetti in everything, to be fair it's *good*.

"But!-" Tubbo groaned "we're doing it tomorrow."

"Whyyyyy" the shorter whined

"Give him time to rest, nobody is going to wake up all fine and dandy to answer questions after having arrows lodge into you"

"Alright, alright fine. Okay I can do this, we can start the questions today with the kid"  
Tubbo said both looking over to the child in the corner surprisingly talking with Michael having some kind of cow plush out and for the first time smiling.

He looked over towards the two catching their eyes on him. Scrunching up his nose looking as if he just had a lemon.

"What are you looking at, uh bitch"

Tubbo wheezed and Ranboo let out a sigh.

- \_\_\_\_\_

As Tommy would call it, Shroud was having a shitty day.

He just watched as others carried his mom away, promising (or at least what the one who let them promised) they would heal him. But Shroud was unsure about that. His mom always

talked about how Hybrids and humans were never friendly with each other. But he trusted these people so Shroud will too, I mean he left him with them so that's a clear sign of trust, yeah?

The hybrid led him to a door, Shroud quickly glances up at the other who seems to be contemplating opening the door. Who by the way is really tall, bigger than his mom and usually he towered over the travelers they came across. Finally after a while the other only took a breath and turned over the handle to the door.

When the door opened there sat two other hybrids, honestly it still took Shroud a bit back at the sight. He still wasn't used to the sight of so many hybrids in one place. But what really caught Shrouds eye was the piglin hybrid, who was rather Short. Listen Shroud doesn't judge he's met people who were only a few inches taller than him and he's seven. Though he does like to say he takes after his mom even if they aren't biologically related, he's like 4'11 and he's seven!

Though it wasn't just a regular short person who was even a bit shorter than him, no, he didn't look like everyone else. The other had a rounder and softer face, baby-like. They looked like Shroud, no wrinkles, wide eyes, smooth skin showing no hair or scars over the years. Though he did have a cool scar on his knee from a creeper explosion, Tommy took the hit more than he did tho. *Maybe this was a kid like him?*

Shroud's never seen another kid before, humans and hybrids they've passed by never really had people younger than seventeen. Shroud finally registered the conversation between the mob hybrid and the goat hybrid.

"uhm you can just go sit anywhere if you want...?" He only nodded before scanning the room, finding himself in the corner.

He went back to his thoughts as he stared up at the two talking as soon as they were done staring at him. He starts to look at the other two, noticing their features.

Now looking closely he could tell the one who brought him in was a enderman hybrid, and obviously the one with horns, fluffy ears, and short tail was a goat hybrid. He also noticed that in age wise they looked much like his mom. Shroud's sure that they are around his mom's age which only reminded the spider hybrid about their rules, rule number 3. Always

lie about Tommy's age, usually nineteen is what they go with, Shroud still doesn't understand but he knows he hates the pity.

Without even noticing someone else comes into his view, it was the other kid.

"Hello" is all they said, a small smile on their face. A thin tail with a pointed fluff at the end wagged behind them much like one of the neutral wolves he and his mom would pass.

"Um, hi" Shroud mumbled quietly

"You're new! And a kid like me!" They said and their smile became wider

"I am, uh I'm Shroud" he extends one of his arms out to shake hands with the other like mama always did when meeting a traveler.

"I'm Michael!" They grab his hand but instead of actually shaking his hand he intertwines their fingers giggling. Shroud was sure that he didn't know how to shake hands.

"So, uh, how old exactly are you?" Shroud asked seeing as there was a lack of knowledge with a *hand shake* of all things.

"I turned six a couple of months ago!" He grinned showing off his rather pointy teeth like Shroud.

"Oh, cool, I'm seven, so are those like your parents?" He says pointing over to the duo who were still talking.

"Oh, well, kind of. I'm just supposed to stay in this room cause it'd be easier to have people around to watch me. But I see as family" They say excitedly, finally dropping Shrouds hand.



“Yeah but aren’t they too young or something?” Shroud started fiddling with his sweater nervously.

“I think? I don’t know much about parenting so you’ll have to ask them, wanna see something cool tho!” Michael beamed

“Ah alright, sure” He said simply as the piglin hybrid started to walk over to where they were before, picking up a chicken stuffed animal.

He walks back over to where Shroud was staying and clutches the plush close to him.

“This is My chicken! He’s really cool” Shroud finds himself lightening up at the chicken reminding him of Henry.

“Oh, I have something like that!” He says reaching down to where he stuffed it into the duffel bag after getting into this place.

He pulls out the cow noticing a new found rip in it, some blood was splattered on its hooves grimacing as he knows who it is. If Tommy was actually here he’d probably sew Henry back together and use a water bottle to try and scrub off the blood. He would then ruffle the spider hybrid's hair and promise if he ever needed help he'd be here. He isn't. But Shroud doesn't blame himself tho, it's a rule and how could he break it when it's helped the both. He only smiles thinking optimistically.

He glances up from staring at his plush to see the duo had stopped talking, speaking of Tommy or more of thinking he wonders what he would say. Shroud thinks before he remembers what his mom would always say to hybrids who'd linger on the pair for far too long.

“What are you looking at, uh, bitch”

The goat hybrid wheezes whilst the other just sighs.

#### Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed:)) I really didn't reread this so sorry if I messed something up, anyway I brought up those one rules from a few chapters ago so if your confused uh you may have to reread I believe it was the third chapter that talked about them.

# Questions

## Chapter Notes

Hulloooo, sorry about this being a shorter chapter also 30k words on this fic?! I originally thought this would end with 30k words but I guess I'm wrong because I still have lots planned :) Anyway enjoy!

TW:

Suicide implied, child abuse implied

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Shroud didn't know what to think of the other two.

After the goat hybrids laughing fit over his *very mature* sentence the duo went and sat near Shroud and Michael. To which he quickly shoved the stuffed Cow back into the duffel bag, he doesn't trust these people. He only trusted Micheal due to him being like him.

But he probably should, shouldn't he? I mean if he was going to be with these people he should probably trust them. Then again he's unsure if he'll actually be staying with them with his mom being human and all. Shroud wanted Tommy to tell him what to do In situations like these but at last here he is.

At least they kept their distance, Michael joining over to their side only making the spider hybrid more nervous.

"Alright, um, so we talked about your situation and-" The enderman hybrid was soon cut off by the other.

"I'm Tubbo, and the socially awkward one is Ranboo" *Tubbo* smiled brightly pointing over to *Ranboo*. At least it was nice to get their names.

“Hey! You don’t need to call me out...” the last sentence he mumbled under his breath tho Shroud was able to hear it perfectly clearly due to being a hybrid.

He analyzed the Two more taking in their features.

Tubbo, obviously a goat hybrid with the semi-small horns, fluffy ears, and puffy tail. He wore a short brown puffy jacket with a bee patch on it. He could also make out a green button up he believes under it as well, also wearing regular blue jeans that seem to be never put through a difficult time with no rips like his mamas.

The other, Ranboo, had a completely different attire on. He wore a *suit* . Like an actual full fledged suit. His skin was also patchy looking like half of his left side was enderman skin and the other just regular human skin, though it was so pale it could be mistaken for white. Like seriously did this dude not go outside? He also had a horn on one side (the left) and floppy ears much like goat ears but more sharp and smooth. A tail much like Michaels but longer wrapped around his leg whilst he sat. One of the sides black and the other white.

They were a strange pair but not the strangest Shroud has seen, he believes that he and Tommy take first place.

“So what’s your name bossman?” Tubbo said excitedly

Shroud choose to stay quiet tho, he wasn’t exactly sure about the two-

“It’s Shroud!” Michael blurted out in which he mentally cursed himself for telling the piglin hybrid his name.

“ *Shroud* ” Tubbo said, testing out the name with a grin displayed on his face, “interesting name, I like it!”

His frown slightly switched upwards, “Thanks.... My mama came up with it” he said slowly unraveling from the little ball he rolled up too. Showing off the second pair of arms that were crossed over his stomach.

“Speaking of, uh, them. We need a few questions answered if that’s alright.” The ender-*Ranboo* said.

Honestly Shroud was expecting that, multiple times ran into traveling hybrids they did the same. Usually they would pull him aside whenever mommy was distracted and ask multiple questions. He has a feeling the questions these two are going to ask him are going to be pretty similar.

He nodded anyway even if he didn’t feel like talking right now, he just wanted his mom back.

“Alright, to start off, were you kidnapped or something?” The shorter asked looking interested but concern still obvious in his words.

Shroud frowned, he got that a lot and he hated it. Sometimes even when he would say no and explain what happened the other would still push because of it being impossible that a human was ever nice. He gets it, he does but it’s still really annoying.

“No,” he said quietly. The other was about to speak, opening his mouth but Shroud cut him off with a small annoyed huff. “He saved me, and- and left his group because they wanted to kill me. Before you ask as well cause we ran into people like you before, he never hurt me”

The Tubbo guy only stared back in surprise, mumbling a small “oh” and shutting his mouth. Shroud was glad he at least wasn’t pushing.

“Did uh your *human* ever say anything bad about you, like uh I don’t know, your stupid or something” Tubbo nudged the other whispering about stupid being a terrible example.

“Yeah,” both whipped their heads over in shock, “but he never meant it!” he said straight away after as the other looked at him pitifully, “Usually it’s when other humans are around he has to pretend to be a dick so they think he’s all scary and evil. Mom always apologized after and was all upset for the rest of the day making sure I was alright. He'd even joke about it when I corrected him on something” Shroud giggled remembering those times fondly a smile spread across his face.

“That’s, uh, nice?” Ranboo smiled softly, Shroud basically confirmed his suspicions on the man. Whilst Tubbo still had a skeptical look on his face that at least softened a bit.

“Did he ever try to abandon you?” Tubbo said abruptly, the words itself was from his own hurt.

“Tubbo obviously not if he’s still-“ Ranboo was cut off of course.

“Yes.” Shroud said with hurt laced in his voice. He promised not to anymore tho, so Shroud still held confidence in it too.

The answer caused the other two to look at Shroud worry and concern, so of course Shroud took this as a chance to explain once again.

“It wasn’t because of me tho, but yes mama did try to leave me with another hybrid. The same hybrid who gave us directions here actually so mommy trusted them at least.” He said quietly, holding in the tears, because he was a big man.

“Mom- he- he struggles to believe he’s good enough or some stupid stuff like that, he thought I’d be better off without him and instead with a hybrid, he- he thought *the world* would be better without him.” Big men sometimes cry, that’s what mommy said. He’s a kid, he’s allowed to cry, that’s what mommy said. “Mama also said something about having a hard time with his past before the apocalypse as well, stupid things like a foster care system and his own mom.”

Tears slid down his face, he probably shouldn’t tell them things like that but they need to know that he’s good he just struggles and like he said he should be aloud too. As much as

mommy says about being an adult, he was a kid too.

The two both just stared, looking completely shocked as Shroud used his palms to wipe away the tears. His other pair of arms hugged tightly around his knees as he crawled into a ball again.

“Oh wow, that’s a lot to process” Ranboo stuttered whilst Tubbo still just stared jaw dropped, Ranboo could practically hear the gears working in his head.

“How exactly old is this guy?” Ranboo really hoped this dude was like his age.

The spider hybrid only looked at the two more, all eyes a bit misty “nineteen” he lied looking down.

“Oh god that’s young” Tubbo blurted, finally paying attention.

“What? But- but he’s an adult?” Shroud said tilting his head. The only reason they lied is to make Tommy seem older, more mature and all.

“Well yeah but he’s only been an adult for like a year, yeah? And of course if he was in the foster system and still struggles with it I’m assuming he grew out of it instead of getting adopted and the support he needed. And then taking care of a child whilst in the apocalypse AND mental struggles for a *nineteen* year old must have been rough.” Tubbo said completely forgetting that this was a human. “Ranboo has told me his experience from the foster system of course just what he remembers but it sounds, um, well shit” Ranboo nodded his head along.

“Well how old are you guys? You seem uh young and you’re taking care of him” Shroud pointed over to the piglin hybrid currently drawing near the door. Moving from where he was when Tubbo waved him off so he could talk to Shroud. Shroud of course left out they looked young as if they looked like his mom who was actually *fifteen*.

“Well Tubbo is fifteen and I’m sixteen, but we never struggled to survive, never had to sleep in odd places or look for food. We just kinda had Michael entertained and cleaned up after him. Plus we actually have a licensed therapist here to help with everyone.” Ranboo explained as Tubbo nodded along.

“And if- and if my mommy was your guy's age...?” Shroud asked curious to see what their actual reaction would have been if he didn’t lie.

“We’d add him to the traumatized minors gang” Tubbo said after a moment of thought, “and then immediately send him to Puffy” Ranboo added. They both joked as if it wasn’t true, hoping it wasn’t.

“Alright I think we should save the rest for tomorrow you look awfully tired boss man.” Tubbo smiled standing up

“That’s understandable, today was so long” Ranboo followed Tubbo stretching as he got up. The two planned on going out telling the others about the information and seeing if they could get any news about the human. Both silently agree that maybe.... Just maybe this human was good.

“Me and Tubbo have to head out, when we come back we’ll talk about the uh sleeping arrangements. Just uh please don’t go anywhere and don’t make a mess. Be back soon” Ranboo waved as he went out the door with Tubbo.

Shroud thinks he can trust these Two, and before he could put too much thought in this Michael walked right up to him again. He just hopes he’ll be able to see his mom soon and with that he talked to Micheal once again and his smile grew as well did the feeling of safety he only felt with his mama before.



## Chapter End Notes

It's been like 4 chapters and it's all been the same day Lmao I swear next chapter it will be the next day.

Also next chapter Tommy pov finally???????

# Awake I

## Chapter Notes

Sorry that this is late again, been really busy with school since the first semester is almost over. Also! I'm moving so I might be going on a break for 2 weeks sadly :( Hope you enjoy this tho! I know everybody's been waiting for Tommy to wake up :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy laid comfortably on a pillow. It felt like those smooth hospital pillows, nice and cold but with the weird hospital-y smell. Tommy hasn't laid on a pillow this comfortable in a while tho so he only started smiling as he sunk his head in deeper also noting a thin blanket on him.

Tommy, too dazed by the comfort, unconsciously reached out to Shroud only to be met with a metal barring. That made his eyes shoot up.

He went to sit up only to wince when he tugged on his hand seeing it cuffed *with fucking chains* to said metal barring he reached out towards. Tommy was briefly confused before remembering what happened the day before sucking in a sharp breath. At this he noticed at how fucking sore he was.

Tommy looked to find the injuries he had gotten himself into and manage to survive, he had like four arrows lunged into him for fuck sake and a rather large slash from a Zombie. He noticed that he wasn't in his regular clothing anymore, instead he was in a white T-shirt and black shorts. Seeing as his original clothes did cover a lot of his wounds he didn't bother to be mad by the change.

He found that he was covered in bandages wrapped around his limbs, and yes he did check they luckily didn't change his underwear or shit like that. No doubt he'll have to change them due to blood that itself just made Tommy shiver.

Tommy looked around the room he was in finally taking it in after checking everything, well his body at least. It was pretty much all white so just like a hospital. That alone already tells

him he's probably in the medical area or whatever it's called. There were other beds but nobody occupied them, he also noticed small tables on each side of them and Tommy looked over at his to see a cup of water.

In which he did not chug like he was going to dehydrate to death, no no, he would never. Tommy roughly wiped the rest of the water off his face, sighing in relief.

"Glad you liked *my* water" someone said closing a door behind them, in which Tommy whipped his head at the voice. *He didn't even hear this guy open the door.*

"Anyway, uh, I'm going to be here for a bit and we have a few questions. *I think you know why*" the last sentence was said a bit darker than the rest, the monotone voice only making it worse that sent a shiver down Tommy's spine.

"Yeah well I have questions too, dickhead. But I'm not trying to seem intimidating am I?" He asked with sudden confidence, though taking a quick look over this guy he'd probably beat him in less than a second.

Tommy takes a moment to really look over this person, he was wearing a light tan poetic shirt tucked in black waist high pants. Laid on his shoulders was a fancy red cape that looked like I'd belonged to some king, a gold string or something of the sort holding it together around his shoulders. Speaking of gold for some reason the guy had multiple gold rings and gold earrings hanged from his pointed ears also *he had a fucking golden crown*. To top it all off he had bubble gum pink hair as well!

Honestly, the guy looks like a total prick to Tommy.

The younger snapped out of his thoughts seeing what this guy's deal was, who currently seemed to be just staring at his hair.

"What? Do I have something stuck in my hair?" Tommy patted his head only feeling the same old disgust of dried blood and dirt. There was probably more shit in it but he didn't want to think about it... fucking pieces of flesh... He also realized his hair was down feeling as his hair naturally curls around his neck causing the human to grimace.

“Uh, no, just really dirty..” The pink hair bitch said (that’s what Tommy is calling him until he gives his name) The pupils in his eyes going weird as he frowns at the boys hair. His hair has been worse and he doesn’t see the problem.

The pink bitch started walking over to Tommy pulling a chair up and putting space between the two. Tommy wanted to just scoff at that like *really?* He was already chained to the bed. He's not going to try shit.

“Alright to start off, what were you doing with the kid” then the man asked, causing Tommy to be a bit taken back from the question.

“Woah big man,aren't you supposed to like ask my name or some shit first I mean-“ and he was rudely cut off

“Your name is Tommy and you’re nineteen years old, tho I wouldn’t be surprised if you were younger because of the way you acted,” Pink bitch dared to joke. He was so mature he has no idea what this guy was talking about, “The kid that you had with you is Shroud. We already got some stuff from him yesterday we can skip past this” Honestly this only caused millions of more questions in Tommy’s head with Shroud’s well being.

“So answer my question”

“Only if this is a fair game” Tommy exclaimed happily, he won’t give answers unless he got some of his own.

“Fair game?” Pink bitch asked

“Yeah, like you ask me a question, I give you an answer and I'll return the same.” Normally Tommy would make some stupid hand gestures but currently it was chained to a fucking hospital bed rail or whatever. Tommy’s convinced they stole this bed from some nursing home because no hospital he’s been in before had this.

“Alright, as long as it’s nothing too bad I can answer a couple of things,” the other agreed. “Now answer my question. What were you doing with the kid?” and honestly Tommy really took in the question this time. Ah so they don’t believe he really just cares for the damn kid and doesn’t care about the whole thing with hybrids and humans.

“Nothing, keeping him alive, safe I guess. Honestly you think if I had any ill intentions I would haul my ass all the way out here? I’ve been with Shroud for months I would never hurt my own kid in anyway” he mumbled he always felt defensive whenever people believe he’d ever lay a hand on Shroud or do some kind of emotional damage just because he’s a fucking hybrid.

“Okay then, what-“

“Nuhuh, you gotta answer my question” Tommy grinned as he shushed the other.

“Now, What’s your name?” Tommy asked innocently. As great as it is calling pink bitch, well, pink bitch cause it’s very true he’s also curious what the other’s name actually was.

“You want to know my name out of all things?” Pink bitch asked dumbly, “of course! You know mine it’s only fair.” He seemed to frown at that before speaking again.

“Technoblade but you can just call me Techno, now-“ *Techno* was caught off my laughing from the younger.

“Your name- your- your name is TECHNOBLADE!?” Tommy laughed harder even tho it worsen the soreness he couldn’t stop, “Who- who the fuck names their child fucking Technoblade!” Tommy calmed down a bit but was hanging onto the the railings letting out wheezes as pain replaced the laughter bubbling in him.

And Techno fucking *growled* showing off his tusks as he does. Tommy’s grinned was replaced with a blank face at the noise. he’s never heard a hybrid growl. Shroud hissed at

mobs and some rude hybrids but that was all he ever heard from a defensive noise from a hybrid. Tho Techno seemed to tense up after also looking uncomfortable seeing as he growled at some human that could see him as something savage.

But instead of being met with some speciesist thing a normal human would say if Techno where to growl at them on instinct, Tommy just smiled.

“I could do that too y’know just cause you’re a hybrid doesn’t make you special” Tommy tried to remake the noise Techno made like a child or some *runt* . Laughing afterwards at his attempt. “Okay maybe I can’t do it as well as you but man’s tried, I’d say I’m the second best” Techno loosen up after the reaction even letting out a small chuckle at the attempt to make a noise that isn’t possible for a human.

Techno had to remind himself that this was a *human* . That didn’t stop him from looking for any hybrid features on Tommy tho. It was just unnatural from his experience with humans for one to just be- like that. Though while Techno was looking for hybrid features just to prove to himself that humans couldn’t be like this he couldn’t stop himself from looking up at his hair. Techno just knows there's some gold shining under all of the gunk layered on top.

“Anyways, your question, big man?” Tommy tilted his head interrupting the piglin hybrid and his thoughts causing him to pay attention to the boy again.

“Right, how did you even meet this kid?” Techno asked a little softer this time, shoulders no longer ridden with much tension.

“About a week into the apocalypse I believe,” Tommy laid back onto his head calming his sore back from keeping him up, “I found him in an alley when I was staying in a group. Let’s just say they didn’t take it well and wanted to hurt Shroud so I kinda just ran off.” Techno raised a brow at that.

“What don’t believe me?” Tommy asked

“No, no, I guess. Though it’s kinda hard to believe since you’re a human. Why tho? Why didn’t you just leave him with being in a group already.” Technoblade leaned closer to

Tommy trying to analyze him. The humans face scrunched up at the question tho like it's the most obvious thing In the world on why he didn't just leave Shroud.

"He's a kid. I don't care what you are. I don't see why people care about this whole hybrid or human ordeal. But no child should be just fucking discarded for something they couldn't control, and people can just see them monsters for it? It's so fucked." he stated sighing.

"Wait a fucking second, that was two questions you dick! Now I get two questions!" Tommy yelled getting up from the spot he was resting, ignoring the sudden stinging from pulling at his muscles. And this bitch had the audacity to *laugh* at him.

"It's your fault for not noticing" he simply said, "now go on ask your question"

"No! Fuck you bitch I get a second o-! Ow, ow" Tommy stopped trying to get up wincing as he pulled at the wounds. Techno gave an amused look not even bothering to help nor comment. "Okay, okay I'll ask *one* question but no more tricks, alright?" He didn't give a answer but Tommy just took it as a yes anyways.

"Where's Shroud?" The blonde asked seriously genuinely wanting to make sure he's safe.

"He's with Tubbo and Ranboo- who are about a couple of years younger than you. they've got another kid they were taking care of before you two came along sotheyre somewhat experienced" The piglin hybrid hummed. A couple of years younger then him? So they're fucking twelve- wait no. He's nineteen here he's forgotten so they're probably around his age, yeah he can trust them.

"How did you find this place?" He asked causing Tommy to break thought.

"Oh I was given directions by someone who said they were here for a bit, uh, Sally I'm pretty sure it was!" Tommy brightened. Sally was one of the nicer hybrids he came across sure at first they pointed a sword at his neck and told Shroud to get back like Tommy was some kind of predator but afterwards she was great. She even offered supplies due to them running out tho they saw right through his whole age trick. It was nice time with them except his... *attempt* ..... She was cool.

“Ah Sally, yeah Wilbur’s little crush,” Techno chuckled, “tho I wouldn’t call them little seeing as she manage to throw Wilbur during training” he mumbled the last bit more to himself but Tommy didn’t pay attention. He was more so paying attention to the name that slipped out of the piglins lips. *Wilbur* .

The name seemed so familiar yet so distant at the same time. Where did he hear it from or *who* did he hear it from other than Technoblade of course. Brown hair flashed in his mind but he still couldn’t place his finger on it usually Tommy had a pretty fucking good memory. Huh, weird.

“Yeah that’s Sally, first time we met she fucking pointed a sword at my throat it was like three weeks ago. Very nice tho showed Shroud how to lift a sword.” The human slightly laughed at the memory of Shroud trying to lift a huge ass sword. Shroud even tried to fit it the large sword in their duffel bag only causing a rip into it, in which they were covered with lots of duct tape. Which reminded him.

“You guys didn’t go through any of our bags or anything, right? Does Shroud have them?” He looked around the room once again to see if they put anything of his near by, “Also where the fuck are my clothes?”

“That’s three questions you got there” Techno smirked, noticing.

“Yeah and I need them fucking answer” Tommy bite back “please” the blonde also added so he could potentially raise the chances of getting his questions answered.

“Sure kid,” Tommy mumbled a quick “not a kid” before Techno continued. “No we didn’t the kid didn’t let us, kept hissing when ever we got close. So yeah he has them.” Tommy chuckled.

“Sounds like him” Techno huffed



“And your clothes are currently being washed right now. When we had to take ‘em off you we tried to put them somewhere but it just smeared blood all over.”

The piglin got up heading towards the door which confused Tommy. He looked back quickly glancing up at his hair (weirdo) before meeting his eyes.

“I’m going to go get your meal, when I come back I’ll show you to the bathroom you really need to wash yourself” Techno scrunched up his nose, “you kinda smell”

“Oi! I want you to be fucking shot 3 times bitch” surprisingly Technoblade only smiled

“Wilbur would like you” he closed the door behind him as Tommy listened to the footsteps fall quiet.

Theirs that Wilbur name again. Tommy huffed and laid back, guess this was going to be the normal till he figures out what they’ll do with him.....

There goes Tommy’s chance at dying at least heroically or some shit.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope I have some Bedrockbro's enjoyers lmao their will be lots of Tommy and Techno content.

I've been trying to make my chapters longer but it's kinda hard cause I usually rush this out in a day due to school. Hoped you enjoyed tho :)

# Awake II

## Chapter Summary

Bedrockbros fluff! :)

## Chapter Notes

It's currently 4:00 in the morning so I already know theirs probably a lot of things that don't make sense lol

Anyway I'm back! :D Went on break due to moving but then I also got Covid so yeah. This is actually my longest chapter btw! 4,000+ words rather than 2,000 lmao

also I would like to say I barely know anything about how injuries work so if I get something wrong very sorry!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The door clicked behind him as he returned to the hallway.

Technoblade doesn't know how to feel about this job.

He will admit it's probably best that he takes care of the human but that doesn't really mean he *wants* to. He's good at revenge, hunting, killing off mobs, not taking care of things, *especially* the things that try to kill him and his pack.

Here's the thing that happens when you turn into a hybrid. You tend to forget a lot of human instincts which are replaced by the more animal or mob part of your brain which is in this case instincts. You also forget what it's like to just be a human again, what it's like to fear, hate, love as a human again. As well as you have barely any control over your brain like you used to, newer limbs moving like they have a mind of their own other than just being connected to a nervous system.

Basically it's a very hard process to become a hybrid, an unwanted one at that. Mob hybrids have the most difficulty due to being a hybrid of something they knew nothing of except how harmful they are. Some people such as Techno are hybrids of mobs they've never even seen before so you can only imagine how hard it is half the time.

So you kinda just learn things as you go and it's definitely worse when the race you were for basically all your life tries to kill you whilst you're trying. So yeah maybe when Techno and his pack are put through all of that and have those beings try to kill them, he gets a little irritated seeing one. And that's just how it's been for the past few months, it was the regular. So with this human now coming in he's a bit iffy about it.

Techno tried to avoid as many members as he walked past, already knowing they have questions since he's currently the only one allowed to see the human. The piglin just wanted to get to the kitchen and quickly get this guy's meal. The quicker he can get this day over with the quicker he can go back to his pack and regular routine.

He half way makes it to the kitchen entrance before he's stopped by- Ranboo of all people?

"Heyyyy Techno." The teen greeted nervously.

"Heh? Ranboo what do you want?" Techno looked up slightly at the boy.

"Me and, we'll mostly Tubbo we're wondering if you have any information on the Human...?"

Technoblade huffed, "Ranboo you know I can't tell you anything yet. You're already dealing with the kid he brought in" Techno went to go walk past the taller before being stopped again.

"Exactly, so why can't we know" Tubbo this time whined.

“You’re children you shouldn’t be involved as much as you were, Eret’s words not mine. You know me, if it was important I would have told you. Not a big person in the whole age argument.” He stated

“Well he let Ranboo be the guard-!” Tubbo argued

“Listen man your goin’ have to talk that up with Eret not me.” Techno finally walked past them, catching Tubbo mumbling something about knowing they wouldn’t get answers which in return Ranboo sighed. Techno’s ear only flickered before he entered the kitchen.

The piglin was welcomed by the smell of fresh bread as he went to grab the tray with a small label saying human on it like most of the trays are. Well not all the labels say “human” they mostly just say names.

Another thing about becoming a hybrid is sometimes your diet changes, not everyone does but usually it does. Wilbur was the lucky one out of the two and still had a regular human diet while Techno was forced to eat more meat to be healthy. Which reminds him he should probably ask the human the kids diet, if it changed or not.

Techno also grabbed his tray just going to eat in the medical area since Eret’s orders were to “keep an eye on him at all time”. You could call Eret the leader due to him making the safe camp in the first place. He wasn’t any bad leader though sometimes he can be a bit much. They usually just have Quackity take care of it or sometimes Foolish if the other one was busy.

The piglin once again made his way down the hall and towards the medical area. He turned the corner to be met with a familiar face and most definitely a familiar grin.

“Hello Technoblade” The other piglin greeted.

“Wilbur,” he greeted back, monotone as usual.

“Sooo, what's the human like?” Wilbur asked curiously as Techno tried to lightly push him out of the way. Unfortunately with two trays in his hands it was a bit difficult.

“Come on Tech, This isn't very brotherly of you” he teased poking at Techno.

“I'll tell you after today” Wilbur finally moved out of the way slightly, letting Techno go through and towards the medical area.

“Can you at least tell me one thing!?” The man whined not even bothering to follow his brother.

“He's loud like you” Techno shouted back as he saw the other piglin turn the corner.

Technoblade sighed as he looked down at the door handle like he did the other day. He doesn't understand why out of all people *he* had to do this job. Yeah sure he gets it, it's a human and their dangerous but being social is not somethin' he personally enjoys or is good at.

At least the human wasn't hostile or trying to hurt him. Techno's a bit skeptical of this Tommy guy actually being a good person, he could easily lie and be very disgusted by them, Just trying to use them and their camp for their supplies before he kills everyone.

Okay he's a bit paranoid.

The thought is still there and could be very much true. Techno's grip on the door knob tightened before he opened the door. Just hoping the human hasn't tried anything while he was gone.

Tommy didn't have much to do while Techno was gone. He was chained to a bed for fuck sake, he couldn't move around or anything.

So he chose to look around more, which was as uneventful as you would expect. The only slightly interesting thing he found was probably the door to the bathroom and that's it.

So he thought more about what Techno said, *Wilbur*. The name felt familiar but he couldn't put a finger on it. Tommy's met a lot of people before due to the foster system and being in and out of places so maybe he met him through there. Tommy is starting to get irritated over not knowing who Wilbur is, it feels like it's right there in front of him yet he can't grasp it.

Tommy thought of something else instead moving away from the thought that irritated him. He thought of random things instead of anything stressful, he saved those thoughts for before he goes to bed. The blonde thought of cutting his hair, what this "Tubbo" and "Ranboob" are like, if Shroud is getting the same treatment as him or better. Just little things like that.

He glanced down to his injuries and huffed. Whoever did these did a pretty good job though. The bandages didn't feel too tight or too loose nor were itchy and uncomfortable, so they definitely changed them instead of doing what Tommy did and reuse bandages on himself. Of course he never reused bandages on Shroud tho. He always made sure to change them even if it left him with none and having to get creative.

One shot in his left shoulder (which would have been too close to Shroud's head he noted) another in his right thigh, third in his side and not to forget the gash on his arm. He sighed resting back in the bed wanting to get up or something but with his injuries and this chain he doesn't think he'll be going anywhere by himself.

The human hears the door softly click before it fully opens, revealing a pink bitch.

*Perfect timing*, Tommy thought grinning playfully like he was planning something before the other got there.

Techno looked around the room like he was expecting something to be broken even with Tommy's wrist cuffed to the bed. The piglin finally landed eyes on him, looking over the

human before moving towards and sitting back down to where he was last time. Tommy noticed the tray in his hands watching as he set it down on the small table beside the bed.

Tommy stares at the tray of food feeling a bit unsettled, he looks up to Techno in which the piglin only raises a brow.

“Ya going to eat?” He asked beginning to eat his own tray of food that had mostly protein based foods.

His own tray contained mashed potatoes, a sandwich, broccoli, and a glass of water. It was something much more healthy and much more food than the meals he had. With their rations being pretty few half the time Tommy always gave Shroud more of them and left him with only some or none at all. So he was not really used to larger portions of food.

“You sure Big man?, I am human after all and you guys are going to give me this much of your food supply” Tommy smiled warily hoping this wasn’t some trick, it wouldn’t be the first tho.

“Just eat the food or I’ll hand feed it to you myself” Techno lightly threatens looking back at his food.

“A-okay” Tommy nervously chuckled picking up the fork on the side of the tray.

He started eating slowly, enjoying the food the best he can, hunching over it as if Techno would take it any second. They both sat in silence which kinda annoyed Tommy but he already had his thoughts pestering him so he didn’t feel much like starting the conversation.

Techno ended up finished due to actually eating it at a normal pace instead of like Tommy who was a bit... skeptical. But Tommy finished soon after everything having bites taken but never fully finished.



“You ain’t going to finish the rest?” The piglin asked hesitantly, going to pick up the tray and put it on his.

“Not that hungry, have a problem bitch?” He didn’t question further, only shaking his head and setting the trays aside to be picked up and cleaned later.

“Alright Kid, you need to wash” Techno scrunched up his nose and once again glanced at his hair.

“1. Not a fucking kid 2. I don’t even smell that bad you’re over-exa-ggera-ting” The blonde complained with a huff.

“Sureeeee” the hybrid stretched out before taking a key out of his pocket.

Techno hesitantly reached over to grab Tommy’s wrists, watching him with distrust. Tommy only put his chained wrist closer to the piglin due to it being obvious what he’s going to do. He gently takes the human's wrist and unlocks the chain around it with a click of the key.

The blonde proceeded to rub his wrist where the chain used to settle, giving Techno an unimpressed glance.

Techno instead just got up signaling for the other to do the same in which Tommy *gladly* did so. Only to immediately almost fall over.

“Seeing as your all skin and bones plus with injuries like those you won’t be able to walk around by yourself for a bit”

“Well you could have told me that before I tried getting up Dickhead” Techno gave an amused snort at the boy's words before helping him get up. Warily he let the boy lean his weight on him as they made their way to the door Tommy could only think of as the bathroom.

Techno held Tommy a bit tighter directing him towards a chair by the bathtub. He then pulled clothes *from out of fucking nowhere* and lightly threw it at him.

“You should be able to stand for long enough to get in the bathtub, it’s already filled from this morning so it’s a little cold.” Techno explained, “oh and I’ll change your bandages afterwards so they aren’t wet.” He added on just about to leave the room.

“Um, any questions?”

“Nah big man, now get out so I can finally have my fucking privacy” Techno didn’t add another comment to the blondes words only closing the door. To which he of course quickly locked with Techno now out of the room.

With Tommy alone he scanned around the room making sure they weren’t spying on him or anything. He remembers in one of the houses he stayed in before threatening that kind of privacy over him hiding things. His trust in these hybrids are only just starting to build so he can only imagine it’s the same or they have none at all.

After not seeing nothing even close to resembling a camera all around he proceeded to undress to finally fucking take a actual bath since the apocalypse. Just like Techno said he was only able to stand for a bit before hanging on the side of the bathtub for support tho managing to still crawl in.

Tommy’s had the experience with bathing with injuries so he knows to lightly set yourself in but due to his goddamn shoulder injury he was not able to. As Tommy laid in the bath stingy from his injuries increased, he let out a quiet whine not trying to alert Techno as tears pricked at his eyes.

The pain slowly eased and Tommy began to relax in the warm water, he should probably get to the cleaning part though. Slowly he dunks his head into the water, a familiar static like feeling on his face from all the scratches. Not quite stinging like bigger injuries. He ran his hand through his hair scratching and dragging out the knots of dirt and dry blood. He slowly brought his head back up after giving up on the harder knots. luckily with his hair usually up and the wash from a week ago he didn’t have any Matted hair.

Water dripped from his long hair with it now no longer dunked in water. Tommy felt a bit disgusted at the murky-like layer of water, usually when they wash in a river the flow goes too quickly to look at what disgust you carried on yourself. When the dripping on his hair lessened Tommy looked around for any shampoo or anything to wash, luckily they did leave some as well as a bar of soap.

Tommy quickly washed himself not wanting to be in a tub of dead skin cells, dried blood, and fucking dirt. After he was done Tommy struggled a bit but managed to put on his new clothes. Which was just a grey T-shirt this time and the same black flowy shorts, of course some underwear as well. Tommy managed to get up again using the wall as support and leaning more on his left leg.

Before Tommy could walk out and tell Technoblade that he was done he found himself glancing towards the mirror which caused him to stare. Tommy hasn't looked at himself in the mirror in a very long time and he honestly really didn't mind but now he feels like he was looking at a whole new person.

The last time he looked at himself in the mirror was about a month into the apocalypse, where his hair wasn't very long but incredibly dirty and he only started to gain eye bags. But now small white lines scattered around his face faintly, the eye bags were obvious from a mile away but the most notable thing was his hair. Tommy was genuinely surprised to see his hair so blonde even with it wet and knotted it was still pretty bright. Tommy chuckled to himself about the thought of it looking like gold from the reflection off of the lights.

The boy shortly realized that he should probably say he's done, even tho he really doesn't want to have a *fucking chain* on his wrist. And no he will not get over the fact that they chained him to a bed even though he's made it clear he doesn't give a shit about them being hybrids just that his kid is safe! Okay he's a bit upset over it.

He opens the door to the best of his ability, revealing Techno back in his chair with a book in hand. His red cape is gone from his shoulders instead laying on the other bed behind him. Glasses laid on his nose bridge made him look like some English major in the 17th century. The pink bubblegum hair kinda throws it off tho. Tommy leaned on the door looking unimpressed, *how much weirder can this pink bitch get?*

“You mind helping bitch” That got the hybrid’s attention.

Techno set his book down, not even bothering to glance at the blonde first, also folding and putting his glasses down. Techno finally glanced up at Tommy and immediately stopped attention shifting to the others' hair. His mouth hung slightly, pupil's more dilated, long thin tail wagging slightly like a dog. Tommy watched a bit confused, before realizing this might be a hybrid thing. Tommy didn't want to be rude or anything but he really hopes this isn't something weird or anything. Once a hybrid he met was a possum hybrid and she put Shroud on her back out of distress when the younger was balancing on the rocks by the river.

“Uh, you good big man?” Was all he asked hoping to snap him out of whatever instinct was going on. Maybe it was something to do with cleaning? A lot of animals like to clean so it wouldn't be surprising. Techno doesn't look like an animal hybrid. Maybe a pig.

It seemed to do the trick as Techno returned to the blonde's face, even he noticed he was gone for a bit the embarrassment showed as his cheeks reddened. The piglin only grunted walking over and giving Tommy support and leading him to the bed. Techno once again pulled out the key and cleared his throat getting Tommy's attention.

“I don't see why you guys need to fucking chain me up” Tommy huffed obviously annoyed but still offering the same wrist.

“I'm sure you're aware humans aren't the most trustworthy when it comes to hybrids.” The hybrid finished locking the chain and turned to grab the bandages on the other bed. *We're they there before? where the fuck is this dude pulling these from?*

“If that's true, why am I here? Hmm? I'm confused why you guys would save poor little old me just to throw me out” ‘again’ ... Tommy doesn't know where the fuck that came from.

“Well, it's kinda hard not too when the second only child you've ever seen in the apocalypse screams at you to save his ‘mommy’” Techno said plainly, starting to take off the bandages on Tommy's arm. “Shocking to say the least. And with how much you've lost blood there was no time to think.”

“Right” Tommy frowned, a bit harsh but it’s like an emergency foster house he guesses. Never actually wanting him to stay but needing to act quickly. It was a bit awkward after that, especially with Techno needing Tommy to take off his shirt to be bandaged there. Still not looking up at him In the eyes sense the whole hybrid thing which Tommy quietly giggled to himself about. No doubt the piglin heard it with the ear twitch just not bothering to bring it up.

Surprise, surprise, the awkward silence broke with Techno interrupting it this time, the other too lost in his own thoughts to think of starting the conversation.

“What's with that anyways?” He paused waiting for an answer which Tommy didn’t say anything indicating for Techno to explain, “the whole Shroud calling you ‘mommy’” The hybrid snorted whilst Tommy went a bit red. No, no, *Tommyinnit* doesn’t get embarrassed, he's a big man and that’s a big title!

“Shroud use to not be able to pronounce his T’s so he would just call me ‘mommy’ or ‘mom’ cause you can’t really say Tommy or Tom if you can’t pronounce T’s,” he lightly laughed, “He was able too a couple weeks later but it kinda just, stuck. He already sees me as a parental figure so I’d say it’s pretty fitting.” Tommy smiled widely. Techno hummed in knowledge with the new found information.

Techno moved to his thigh injury, and so did the conversation.

“Tell me about yourself Tech-no-blade” Tommy snorted

“Well, I don’t appreciate you making fun of my name”

“To be fair it’s a weird name”

“Sureeeee, wait till you find out the others' names.”

“What name can be weirder than yours Mr. Blade” Tommy asked while Techno finished wrapping.

“Oh a lot more, there's some dude named Dream here. He's the one who started this whole camp thing.”

“Fucking *Dream* !?” Tommy burst out laughing, going to a wheeze. The blonde quickly stopped tho pain erupting from his side. *Technoblade* had the audacity to let out his quirky snort again over his pain. And he thought they were close to besties at this point.

“Yeah don't do that kid, can't have you opening anything yet. Camps doctor not even here at the moment”

“I'll open all the wounds I want, Bitch.”

“Yeah sure” The piglin sat back down on the chair grabbing his glasses and book. Tommy didn't recognize the book nor the title, honestly the title kinda looked like it was in Russian but more upside down.

“The hell are you reading?” The blonde asked genuinely curious.

“It's Greek mythology” the other grunted, not even glancing up at him.

“Why are you even reading?” The boy tilted his head.

“So I don't have to deal with you, and hopefully you get bored enough to fall asleep. You need rest” he turned a page.

“Sleep is for losers, I'll heal perfectly fine without it anyways.” Tommy stated even though he can feel exhaustion in his bones from already moving around more than he probably should.

Techno didn't say anything, only turning to another page.

"So.. you get any bitches? You look like you wouldn't get any. Good, you're a prick." Still no reaction.

"Mr. Blade you are being very boring, 4 stars out of 10" the sound of a page turning filled the space instead.

"What mythology are you reading...?" Tommy tried which did cause a reaction.

"If I read it for you will you shut up?" Techno asked not even looking up. Honestly Tommy was insulted.

"I'm not fucking six if I wanted to read a story I'll read it myself." Tommy gently crossed his arms, not trying to hurt himself although sadly it was not as manly as he wanted.

"Really?" Techno looked at Tommy with an amused look. This time managing not to glance at his hair, shocking. Instead of going back and forth with the banter Tommy quickly snatched the book out of Technoblade's hands. (it caused the piglin to wince, Tommy chooses to ignore it)

"Yup"

"You're holding the book upside down.. and it's in Greek" The human looked down and confirmed the others words.

"Touché pink bitch" he handed the book back over.

...

“So?”

“Fine....” Tommy grumbled, taking up Technos offer.

With a rough start Technoblade started translating and reading the book out to Tommy, who was currently resting face up trying not to have exhaustion take over. Though that didn't really work as a couple of minutes later Tommy changed positions just to get 'comfy' and nothing else. eyelids dropped as the piglin proceeded the story of Theseus.

Eyes fully closed the hybrid continued for a couple of minutes before looking over to the other and stopping. Soft snoring came from the smaller who somehow slept comfortably in the hospital like bed. Then again he was outside for months so a comfortable bed was probably not something the human got much.

With the other asleep the piglin hybrid finally took a better look at the golden hair. Immediately going back to his hybrid instincts, something he couldn't really fully control.

Techno didn't hesitate to start running his hand through the others hair, tail wagging in excitement without the piglin knowing. He knows it is a bit weird seeing as he met this guy, *kid*, definitely a kid, today. But he couldn't help whatever instinct he had as his hair seemed to glow due to simple lighting. For some strange reason “piglins” we're obsessed with golden things both Wilbur and Techno found out, Micheal as well all very much liking the shiny yellow.

They had little “hoards”, or at least that's what everyone else calls them due to them hoarding anything gold like. Wilbur's attachment to his yellow sweater really spiked up funny enough. Tho maybe having a panic attack over not being able to find it for 2 hours is not that funny.



Techno wanted to add this to his hoard. To be able to keep him and know where he is. Always knowing where to find the golden curls the boy possesses. It's a bit possessive itself, sure, but he'll cut it if anything happens.

The blonde actually *leaned* into his touch as he lightly scratched the gold. A small smile displayed on his face before he pulled away knowing he should get going. Oh he's so going to tell Wilbur about this, he'll already love him for his personality.

A small part of Techno screamed not to, that this was a human who was a potential danger. A potential betrayal. But the other was too high of his instincts and the greediness of gold to care about that part. He grabbed his things, hand on the door taking one more fond look at his gold. Who was... drooling... Humans are weird tho so he just shrugged it off and exited the room. Happy to return with some news to share with his brother not even thinking of the consequences.

As Techno walked away in only a few minutes two people would walk towards.

## Chapter End Notes

Can you tell I really wanted to write Bedrockbros fluff? I just really love the Tommy's hair being like gold concept and Wilbur and Techno going crazy over it

Hope you enjoy! Any questions just ask and I'll answer:))

# Good person

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo finds out something

## Chapter Notes

sorry this is late everyone :((  
Recently my rat got sick so I haven't had time to write but I'll try giving you another chapter a bit earlier to make up for it!! Enjoy :D  
(I didn't go over this time so sorry for mistakes)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo nervously fiddled with his tie as Tubbo continued to ramble about his plan.

“Y’know how Techno is with his routines, as soon as the human falls asleep he’s out of there and we go in. Don’t worry boss man!” Tubbo exclaimed, obviously holding back excitement. Ranboo almost regrets selling out just to put spaghetti noodles in everyone’s food.

“Can’t we just ask? At least try to?” The taller groans as they made it to the cafeteria.

“Fine, but trust me we aren’t going to get anything out of him. ‘*Eret’s order*’” Tubbo said the last sentence in a funny tone mocking Technoblade. “Come one he has to be around here somewhere” Tubbo stretched whilst looking around for the piglin. “Ah hah!”

Tubbo grabbed Ranboo’s hand and dragged him over to the entrance of the kitchen. Tubbo started pushing Ranboo over to talk to Technoblade, whispering to him how if he wanted to ask he’s doing it.

Ranboo now in front of Techno, stopping him from entering the kitchen and most likely taking the human tray to him. The other was a bit surprised as to why the taller teenager stopped him.

“Heyyyy Techno.” Ranboo nervously fumbled with his words which fortunately went unnoticed.

“Heh? Ranboo what do you want?”

“Me and, we’ll mostly Tubbo, we’re wondering if you have any information on the Human...?” The enderman hybrid questioned, only now realizing Tubbo was probably right.

Techno huffed, “Ranboo you know I can’t tell you anything yet. You’re already dealing with the kid he brought in” Techno went to walk past the taller before being stopped again by Tubbo.

“Exactly, so why can’t we know?” The goat hybrid complained.

“You’re children you shouldn’t be involved as much as you were, Eret’s words not mine. You know me, if it was important I would have told you. Not a big person in the whole age argument.” He stated plainly.

“Well he let Ranboo be the guard-!” Tubbo argued angrily.

“Listen man your goin’ have to talk that up with Dream not me.” Technoblade proceeded to walk past them as they lost hope in the conversation.

“Told you he wouldn’t say shit” Tubbo mumbled rather annoyed even with knowing they wouldn’t get anything out of him. Ranboo only patted Tubbo on the back failing to comfort the other but Tubbo didn’t mind.

“Wanna go put spaghetti in the soup now” Ranboo perked, actually remembering their deal. Phil strangely knew a good recipe for soup he made once in a while and Ranboo would argue it’s better with spaghetti. Everyone usually has the soup so this is a perfect chance.

“Yeah, yeah give me your weird plastic bags. I can’t believe you were kicked out of the kitchen for this” Tubbo said the last part to himself as Ranboo handed him the spaghetti.

Ranboo watched with a smug look as Tubbo went to the kitchen glancing as Techno walked out with two trays.

Ranboo and Tubbo sat at a table as everyone else did, and in a few minutes people started to gasp and gag. Ranboo happily ate the soup. Tubbo watched with disgust a couple of others as well as they realized there was only one person who pulled this stunt before.

Can you get double banned from the kitchen?

---

The two teenagers walked in with two trays, the taller looking smug and the smaller disgusted.

They decided just to bring the trays in today instead of taking the kids into the cafeteria due to Shroud’s situation. Luckily Micheal and Shroud have been getting along both playing games and laughing.

Ranboo set down Micheals tray in front of which the piglin happily took dropping a crayon he had in his hand. Ranboo glanced over to Shroud who seemed to get the hint that it was

time for a meal, instead of grabbing the other tray of food Shroud glanced at it before he went over and started unzipping the backpack.

“Uh, Shroud your food right here” Tubbo pointed out, noticing the spider hybrid opening the old backpack .

“I know,” He smiled, “you can just put it down. I usually do this when me and mommy have a bad day” the boy's smile turning small and sad at the reminder of his parent.

Shroud dragged out a camera quickly zipping up the bag as the others tried to peek at what else was inside. Shroud thought back to the last time he and Tommy looked at the photos in the camera. His mom didn't want to walk through the cold as it started snowing again so he made them stop and covered Shroud in blankets. Both were bored so they decided to scroll through the photos once again. The spider hybrid really missed the human.

The others in the room seemed to take interest in the camera as Shroud pulled the tray closer to eat. Noticing the other curiosity Shroud gave a questioning look, shoving the warm food in his mouth happily because due to the cold outside he didn't have much warm food anymore. Or well, he guesses it's different here with it being inside.

Shroud started up the camera immediately going over to the camera roll, unfortunately for everyone else Shroud held it with his other pair of arms. Letting him be able to scroll through the memories whilst eating the warm meal. After a bit, Tubbo got annoyed.

“So bossman whatcha looking at?” Tubbo asked slightly leaning over Ranboo nudging the shorter for being rude.

Shroud didn't bother to ever glance up as he seemed to stop on a certain photo. He smiled, tilting the camera to show Micheal who sat next to him. Upon seeing the picture Michael gasped tail thumping on the ground much like an excited dog, this causing the spider hybrid to giggle.

“Um, what exactly are you looking at exactly?” Ranboo asked in a more polite tone this time genuinely curious what got Michael all worked up.

“Pictures” was all Shroud as the boy moved his finger, probably showing another photo to Michael. This time the piglin giggled scrunching up his nose.

“He looks funny!”

“That’s what I said! Mom was grumpy over it afterwards” Shroud smiled fondly at the picture of Tommy pushed into the river. Hair down and bangs uncurled covering his eyes and nose.

When Shroud went a few photos over instead of showing another photo a video started playing, music humming in the background. “We’ll meet again” is that song.

*“Y’know Big man if you really like this song we can just take it”* Tommy’s voiced ringed through the room, causing the four all to go silent.

*“But I’m recording it! Wouldn’t that be more efficient?”* Shroud asked . The record sits in the duffel bag currently.

*“Well now you just fucked it cause we’re speaking, yeah?”* The view of the camera no longer settled on the record player; instead Shroud moved it to we’re Tommy softly cooed at a moth in his lap. Shroud moved his arms so Tubbo and Ranboo could see. The two were already taken back by the young voice and now no doubt the man’s appearance.

*“Technically you’re the one who spoke first so you ruined”* Shroud exclaimed.

*“Aw you dick! You should be blessed by my awesome voice”* Tommy laughed and ruffled Shrouds hair as the spider hybrid giggled.

*“Ew, I already have to hear it everyday, I’ll be soooo happy to get away from you old man”* Shroud took a shaky breath at the camera as he continued to stare at the camera. He’s going to be honest he missed hearing Tommy’s voice even if it’s only been a day.

*“OI! Respect your elders bitch!”* Tommy got up and playfully reached over to bonk Shroud causing Clementine the moth to fly off. The video stopped their a restart button appeared.

Shroud continues to show all of them Photos of him and Tommy. some videos as well of the two goofing off mostly, another video came up of Shroud hitting the button before really processing what it might be.

*“Shroud”* Tommy said flatly . Shroud’s never seen this video before. Tubbo and Ranboo notice Shrouds uneasiness becoming wairy themselves.

*“I don’t know when you’ll be seeing this but I just wanted to make one of these just in case- just in case something happens.”* Tommy seemed to be sad at whatever he was implying. It was already dark and you could barely see his face but he seemed to be leaned up against something. *“I just had a nightmare, again. So you’re currently sleeping”* Tommy explained, *he rubbed his eyes with the sleeve of his hood..*

*“I wanted to say um- some things that I know I’ve struggled to say to you in person because it’s uh a lot, and you shouldn’t have to deal with it, your too young.”* Micheal began to stir asking a quick ‘is he okay?’ Not liking the vibes of the video.

*“Oh uh, Michael how about we go on a small walk.”* Tubbo asked in which the piglin nodded slowly leaving the room with him. Tubbo spared one look at Ranboo and left both on a mutual dislike at where the video was going. It was obviously persona but one of them had to watch and see what the fuck was up.

So the video continued and Ranboo moved closer to the smaller to provide any comfort for what might happen.

*“I love you, no matter if you’re a hybrid or not,”* Tommy let out a pitiful laugh, *“and- and I know that I’m probably not enough but just know I’m really trying.”* Shroud hissed at that,



not liking how his mom was putting himself down. *“As much as I hate to say it I really am just some fucked up kid from the foster system who got the bad end of the stick.” He sniffled. “I’m some fifteen year old-“* Ranboo stilled, Shroud took in a sharp breath. *“Just know that I’ll always fucking love you no matter whatever dumb shit I do or if I- or if, we’ll you get it big man. Your the only person that has shown me what true family is like, as cheesy as fuck that sounds.” He chuckled wetly. “I love you my sunrise.” Tommy wiped his face with his palm sadly smiling at the camera.*

The video stopped. Restart button appeared. Tears dripped down Shroud’s face as he sobbed at his parents' words.

Ranboo awkwardly wrapped his arms around the younger but the spider hybrid didn’t think much of it, only shoving his head into the endermans chest. Sobs wracked his body as he heard the words. This must have been an old recording due to Shroud and Tommy already talking about that whole thing but it still hurt.

“He’s- he’s fifteen?” Ranboo asked a bit awkwardly again, still in shock but wanting confirmation. The boy nodded his head sniffing.

“Please don’t tell anyone. He doesn’t like being seen as young and pitiful shit” Shroud weakly laughed.

He missed his mom. So much.

“Uh, yeah, yeah I won’t.” Ranboo rubbed circles in Shrouds back, he assumed it was working as the sobs turned from quiet cries to complete stillness.

The taller one looked down to see Shroud sleeping. Already exhausted huh.

Ranboo slowly rocked him as he held the boy, like he usually did with Micheal when he has something like a nightmare. Honestly the enderman hybrid didn’t even know what to do, with how much he’s seen he couldn’t help but feel guilty.

This human from what they have seen has been nothing but pretty nice, funny even. Ranboo felt a bit sick, overwhelmed as well. The two seemed so happy and it's obvious that the human was only trying his best and at such a young age as well.

Tommyinnit (from what they saw from the video that must be his full name or something close to it) is a fifteen year old fresh out of the foster care system and immediately thrown into taking care of a child. Someone younger than him having to take care of a child with nothing, in the *apocalypse*. Maybe this human is good, but it's so difficult to accept when those people have tried to hurt his family. He really hopes this human is good.

He couldn't help but let out a distress warble as he slowly got up to make sure not to wake the other. He made his way to the corner of the room where Shroud chose to sleep last night and gently put him down shuffling from the boy's grip around him. He pulled the blanket over the boy and just watched as he curled up before frowning, the spider hybrid started reaching for something. A plush cow just out of reach. Ranboo pushed it into the smaller hands who let out a content huff finally settling.

Distantly he wondered if Tommy ever did this, ever held the child gently as he drifted off to sleep. *Ranboo would believe it* .

The enderman heard a soft click behind him. He turned to see Tubbo and Micheal standing there, both still wearing a worried expression. He smiled softly, putting a finger up to his lips signifying to be quiet.

"How about you get ready for bed, Michael" Tubbo whispered loud enough for the enderman to hear. The piglin nodded but before doing so he went over to Ranboo.

"Is he going to be alright?"

"Yeah, he's just a bit exhausted bud" Michael brightened hearing that he'll be alright walking over to a pile of blankets to get ready for bed.

Ranboo walked over to Tubbo who was at the entrance of the door, both said a goodnight to Michael before heading out into the hall to talk.

“What happened? Did the human turn out to be scummy or anything?” The goat hybrid tilted his head slightly looking up at him for answers.

“No, he um,” the enderman didn’t know what to say about the boy. The boy who was actually around his age and had *arrows lunged in him and was bleeding out and oh god Ranboo mug by throw up-*

“He was actually just very nice. It was things you’d usually tell someone on your last goodbye” Ranboo mumbled the last part feeling utterly heartbroken with realization.

“Wow, this person reallyyy isn’t doing okay mentally, huh?” Tubbo seemed to be baffled, “He’s just dragging his kid down with hi-“ The shorter was caught off by a muffled cry.

“Don’t say that Tubbo. Please he really did seem to be trying his best and- and he said stuff that’s just-“ tears burned as they fell from his face. Tubbo gets the hint to shut up before worrying about his best friend.

“Okay okay I’m sorry, I don’t know what happened I believe you,” The other wrapped his arms around him rubbing soothing circles in his back. “I really do believe he’s a good person” The taller one hugged a bit tighter.

“Okay okay boss man I believe you” Tubbo pulled away as he heard Ranboo stop crying. “Come on let’s go confirm it now” he held out his hand and of course Ranboo took it, sucking in a deep breath and slowly letting it out as a way to calm down.

The two began walking towards the medical area hoping to get some answers and find a good person waiting for them.

## Chapter End Notes

WOOOOOOO 40,000 Words!! Pretty sure I mentioned this before but I really thought this would have ended at 20,000 or 30,000 lmao  
Happy love day as well! :]

If next chapter ends up being late again truly sorry I'm starting a new school tomorrow so I'll probably be busy catching up :,)

# Potential friendship

## Chapter Summary

Benchtrio!

## Chapter Notes

I think this is on time? Technically it is so yayyy I did it I wasn't late! Sorry if theirs tons of mistakes I'm so tired man :,]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The two spared a glance at each other as they both hear Technoblade walk away. Perfect timing really though the human being awake still might cause a problem if Techno simply just told him to go to bed. Though Ranboo and Tubbo doubt he would just leave him there that easily.

Both began walking over to the door hand in hand, Ranboo sweating nervously and still a bit torn from the video. Contrast to him though Tubbo was excited and impatient despite the already bad relationship with humans in general.

Ranboo felt uneasy to say the least. He didn't feel ready. Only moments ago did he watch a video of someone *younger* than him struggling. Just yesterday he heard about the boy struggling before the apocalypse as well. He already knows he's going to be sick seeing the face who went through too much too quickly. Once this is over they really need to get him to Puffy's.

Both were in front of the door in seconds due to the shorters eagerness. Ranboo had his hand on the handle giving Tubbo a questioning look in which the other returned an excited nod.

The door slowly creaked open revealing the hospital-like room. Both of their eyes landed on an occupied bed that held the sleeping human they came here to see. The person was visible

on his side and facing the doorway, one arm hanging off the bed drool grossly soaking in the pillow he rested his head on.

He didn't seem much in person, Ranboo's heart twisted as he spotted the multiple scars that layered his skin. Making him look much older than he really was, no wonder people were convinced that he was so much older.

Tubbo slowly pulled something out of his pocket as he started walking further in the room. Ranboo glanced to see that it was one of his famous daggers that the others of the smp definitely do not want him wielding.

"Tubbo what are you doing?!" The enderman hybrid shouted in a whisper, trailing behind him.

"Relax boss man, we have to wake him up y'know. This is just in case he tries shit" Tubbo whispered back who was basically towering over the other. Ranboo joined him.

Both noticed the chain wrapped around one of his wrist and relaxed a bit more unlike Tubbo though Ranboo felt guilt for even thinking the other one was dangerous. Taking more time to look Ranboo noticed the long bright blonde locks that fell in front of his face and lightly on his shoulders. Noticeably different from the ones in the video which showed a more dirty blonde, even brown.

"How exactly are we supposed to wake him up and uh, not have him panic?" Ranboo asked, taking his eyes off the blonde and onto the goat hybrid.

"Hmmm, well we don't want him screaming soo... Ranboo put your hand on his mouth" Tubbo said simply not even whispering anymore which caused the boy to slightly stir. "Oops, sorry" he whispered.

"What? Why me!? This was your idea." Ranboo freaked out not wanting to touch the human and get drool on his hands (gross).

“Because I have the weapon just in case he tries something!” He huffed and waved around the dagger like it was a child's toy.

“Okay, okay” Ranboo put his hands up hoping the other will stop waving the weapon around in case he hurts himself. The enderman hybrid looked back to the human peacefully sleeping, who only finally stop drooling all over. He may be concerned for the guy but he's not going to put his hand all over drool.

“Do I have to?” Ranboo asked, really not wanting to do this.

“Yes”

He grimaced but got closer to the human finally having his hand hovering over his mouth feeling his breath on his hand. He really didn't want to do this but if it's to wake him up quietly he'll do it, I mean it wouldn't hurt to get answers if no adult is going to provide them for the two.

Ranboo quickly put his hand like claw over the human's mouth which instead of just adjusting in his sleep to breathe his eyes shot wide and *terrified* .

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When Tommy was told he slept for a whole day he was very surprised, why? Because nightmares haunt his mind every second.

*Tommy gasped as he sat up with shaky arms aching for him to fall back down And go to sleep. But he couldn't. He knew he couldn't as he saw a sunrise in the corner of his eye, telling him it's morning.*

*Tommy looked around the room now back up against the bed frame shaking ever so slightly. He noticed that some of his things were taken out of his old garbage bag and even some things hanging on the walls of things he likes. Ah so he's in one of the better homes. One that he thought might be his forever before becoming too much.*

*The tension in his shoulder lessened at the knowledge knowing no abuse ever happened here but he himself was just the problem. He slipped out under the warm covers of the blankets doing his usual routine that he started after a few weeks of being in the foster care system.*

*If there was a sunrise or sunset when he woke up or before he went to bed he'll watch at the windows. And if not at the windows then outside, anything to see them really. So Tommy started head laying on his folded arms as he watched the sunrise.*

*It was beautiful, so very beautiful that it can appeal to anybody's eyes. A smile tugged at Tommy's lips as he watched things reflect from it. The shiny car in front of the house, the windows of the people around them, even the flowers that still had water droplets from the rain.*

*With the warm pinks, reds, oranges and more turning to the contrast of it Tommy finally took his eyes off of the sky. He turned heading towards the door knob, hesitating before throwing it open with a huff, ready to get the day over with.*

*Tommy didn't hear any yelling, no crashing of plates or beer bottles but instead simple chatter from down the stairs. Tommy slowly made his way down the stair the smell of bacon and pancakes heavy in the air as he made it to the bottom. The talking didn't quiet even as Tommy made creaks in the stairs. Tommy walked into the kitchen area to be met with what looked like the perfect modern family, despite the hybrid feature on the child between what to be assumed the mother and father.*

*The blonde stood speechless at the perfect family. The family that had Shroud sat in the middle looking as happy as anyone can be. A smile as wide as the sun that hung high in the sky looking at the woman with fondness as she put a plate in front of him.*

*"Thank you Mommy" Shroud didn't even glance towards Tommy.*



*The human felt like his heart shattered into a million pieces. Shroud calls him Mommy. Even if it started as a joke to tease him he always called Tommy mommy, or mom. Not some random woman who used to foster him. The blonde took one step closer to the table, absolutely speechless.*

*“Dad, do you think you can help me make my first treehouse?” The boy asked oh so innocently beaming up at the man. Tommy’s heart ached.*

*He was the one who took Shroud to see his first treehouse, they took pictures and everything.*

*“Of course, I’ll make sure it’s safe and everything” the man spoke in a deep voice ruffling the spider hybrid hair much like Tommy does.*

*Maybe the one he brought Shroud to wasn’t safe but it’s the apocalypse, nothing is. He still could have made sure and done better somehow.*

*A step closer.*

*“You guys are the best I could ever ask for” Shroud started biting into his food happily as the parents smiled warmly at him.*

*He used to say that to Tommy.... But is it true innit? He was really just some teenager not a parent.*

*A step closer.*

*Shroud finally made eye contact and Tommy was pretty much fully in the kitchen now.*

*“You ruined me” Shroud said simply, the smile no longer on his face as he continued to stare, just a neutral face. It was like the world stopped entirely, the parents paused a smile on their face as they starred at Tommy with unblinking eyes.*

*“Shroud-“ the blonde made out with a horse throat tears building up.*

*“You could have done better, you even tried to abandon me claiming it would have been better.” Shroud spoke in an unsettling way, a way Tommy has never heard the younger talk before.*

*“I swear I was just trying to do what’s better for you, Shroud I’m-!” Tears fell from his face as he tried to explain.*

*“You’re making excuses again.” Shroud finally blinked, all of the six eyes Tommy had gotten used to following in sync. “When are you not the victim? Really it’s pitiful”*

*The human was silent as he watched Shroud frown at him.*

*“You dumped your life onto me then tried to leave me. I asked why and you told me more about **yourself**. ” He huffed, “it’s always about you isn’t it? How you’re such a hero for picking up the defenseless spider hybrid as a human. If you want to be a hero, a parent then grow up and stop being weak.”*

*Tommy felt worthless.*

*“Or maybe you should be like your mother and get out of my life for good” Shrouds words were filled with so much venom that hurt so much more than anything in his life ever did. “To be honest, that’s the preferable option”*

*The human wanted to cry, he was crying! It hurts because it’s so god damn true. If he ever wants to be enough he really needs to just grow up but he just can’t because it’s so terrifying. He should have just killed himself, he shouldn’t have hesitated when Shroud followed him. He shouldn’t have. Maybe now was a nicer time. These people no doubt can do better than he would ever be able to do in his whole life.*

*The parents got up as Shroud stayed seated, breaking eye contact as the happy look returned to his face. Eating the rest of the warm fluffy pancakes in front of him. The mother and father began walking towards him and Tommy couldn't help but shake and panic not knowing what was happening.*

*He can't breathe-*

His eyes shot wide open, someone was hovering over him, their hand over his mouth not allowing him to breathe. Of course he panicked at this and his first reaction was to bite. Hard. And so he did, the person letting out something close to a whimper but more distorted.

He jerked his head up and against the bed frame as a dagger was held to his neck. Of course as someone who's been a "troubled" kid his whole life and being outside in the apocalypse for months Tommy begins to fight the person with a literal dagger at his throat.

The blonde harshly pulled at his chain hand grabbing the arm of the owner of the dagger and throwing a punch to the person's face. That seemed to make the person move back but not without cutting Tommy's thumb first.

The person who had a dagger groaned in pain as Tommy did aim for the center of their face, probably causing a nosebleed. Panic breathes slowed down as "the threat" seemed to no longer be attacking, nor the main objective was to just attack him.

"What the fuck man!?" Tommy asked, sucking in deep breaths as he twitched from looking between the two dark silhouettes.

"Hold on..." he heard a voice mumble, the person who Tommy bit he noted.

All of a sudden a light flickered by him and there sat a lamp lighting up the room so Tommy could see the two clearer. Also when was there a lamp? Is he really just that blind huh?!

Tommy looked over and looked at the two, noticing one was definitely way taller and the other much shorter. Looking at the taller Tommy seemed to notice who he was.

“Hey! You’re the fucking guard from the uh vault door thingy” Tommy really didn’t know what to call the thing Shroud and him entered in from it the proper term.

“Uh, y-yeah I am” the hybrid fumbled with their words seeming nervous, which was fair Tommy was the biggest man ever.

“The fuck you two were trying to do? Kill me!?” Tommy accused not seeing any other reason they would bother to come in the room. Especially while he was asleep.

“No! We just wanted answers! Didn’t have to cause me a nosebleed” the other person said obviously annoyed at the blood that leaked down his face holding his hands out for the blood just to drip on them instead.

“You held a dagger at my throat! What did you want me to do not panic!?”

“You bit Ranboo!” He pointed over towards the enderman hybrid who looked a bit uncomfortable.

“They put their hand over my mo-! Wait. Ranboo” it clicked why the name sounded familiar as it had belong to one the teenagers Techno said was watching Shroud. “I’m assuming you two are the ones who are taking care of Shroud” Tommy soften but didn’t relax as he had no idea what Shrouds living conditions are with these two yet.

“How do you know that?” Ranboo asked, rubbing his hands awkwardly.

“Technoblade” was all he said, Ranboo nodded nderstanding.

It went quiet for a bit blood still dripping from what was it? Turbo? Tubbo. He's just going to go with Tubbo, funny name. Tubbo looked to be done and Tommy was starting to get the vibes that Ranboo is usually just a awkward guy.

"Alright that's it I'm cleaning this shit and afterwards we can continue." Tubbo huffed....ish stomping of to the bathroom. Tommy looked over to Ranboo who just avoid eye contact, instead having a staring contest with the floor. The human really couldn't handle the awkward silence anymore. Despite this dudes obviously lack of social skills Tommy needs something other than silence.

"Why does your name end with *boob*?" He asked simply.

"Excuse me!?" The enderman hybrid looked up

"Y'know *Ranboob*" he squinted in offense

"You have the maturity of an actual twelve year old child" Tommy bursted out laughing at the insult.

"I made one boob joke! what the fuck man!?" Tommy inhaled to laugh again but started choking on air with pain erupting everywhere.

"Oh god are you alright!?" Ranboo's mood switched immediately as if Tommy would fall over and die that second.

"Ouch, fuck, ow I'm fine big man" Tommy slightly folded holding a thumbs up.

Tubbo came back from the wash room finally getting the blood to stop dripping. He saw Ranboo slightly hovering over the human who seemed to be in pain as he was folded over clutching his stomach. Yeah karma's a bitch.

“Alright, no time for chit chat. We came here for questions we need, or well want, the answers to!” Tubbo approached the two, the Tommy guy giving a confused glare.

“Are you two even supposed to be here? Because I was never told people would wake me up just to ask me some questions.”

“Well no, but you can’t snitch on us or we’ll uhhh” Tubbo looked over to Ranboo for anything they can hold over the man.

“Eat your firstborn?”

“thE FUCK!?”

“No, no, just uh please don’t tell anybody. We’re left out of everything because of our age which is shit. I know you’re like nineteen and all but you understand, yeah?” Tubbo rambled. The human seemed to just be processing what the goat hybrid said, staring blankly.

Ranboo knew he’d understand tho.

“Yeah, yeah big man I get it” he said gently.

“Alright great! What did you even want to ask Tubbo” Ranboo asked, remembering that Tubbo never really told him what he wanted to ask.

“Honestly bossman no idea” Tommy laughed again before coughing immediately, they really didn’t even give him pain killers or anything.

“You had no plan” the blonde chuckled as he looked up at him. Tubbo sent a glare.

“I have one...?” Ranboo interrupting sounding more like a question than a statement.

“Go on then” Tommy awkwardly crossed his arms trying not to pull his shoulder injury too much.

“Alright, uh, well are you okay?” Tubbo nudged the hybrid, “We can get into information later for now, uh when you came you were bleeding pretty badly so are you like okay now orrr?”

“Well after losing lots of blood I can say that I do indeed feel shit. Surprised I ran that far with arrows sticking out of my skin tho, then again I’m such a big man” he said as if it wasn’t a *big deal*.

“Jesus! You two ran all that way and with arrows impaled in you!?” Tubbo seemed pretty shocked, then again he didn’t really know the exact damage.

“Well I was the only person who really ran, I carried Shroud and everything throughout it” again stating like it wasn’t a *huge fucking deal*.

“Wow, I’m speechless” Tubbo continued whilst Ranboo chose to stay quiet feeling as though he’ll throw up on the spot. Someone younger than him had to be put through all of that, and he cried when he stubbed his toe or got a paper cut. Ranboo zoned back in when Tubbo went and asked another question.

“What’s it like being a parent in the apocalypse boss man? Like of course we take care of Micheal, I’m sure Techno mentioned him, but I never had to go outside y’know. Like go fight mobs or scavenged for food. So what’s it like?” Tubbo asked rather personally but Ranboo was curious as well. Luckily being sort of privileged not to have to deal with that kind of stuff.

“Fucking difficult, but pretty worth. I have tons of nasty scars from protecting Shroud or fighting tooth and nail for some food but it’s worth it, as long as he’s happy.” Tommy smiled

to himself. It wasn't a detailed answer, probably like Tubbo was hoping but it was still a good one. Tubbo of course only hummed and asked something else.

"What was life like before the apocalypse for you? We've been told by your uh son or whatever that you've struggled with the foster care system before this. We assumed you grew out of the system sense you're apparently still struggling so how was that?" Tommy was taken back from the question, Ranboo knew it was because he didn't and it made his heart ache.

"It was fine I guess, financially terrible imma be honest" Tommy nervously chuckled, "Y'know the foster system and all it's pretty bad, I don't want to get into it."

Tubbo wanted to ask more but was cut off by *footsteps* . Quickly Ranboo turned off the light and dragged Tubbo down by the bedside. Both watched as whoever stopped for a second in the door before continuing. They waited a few more moments before edging up and turning back on the light.

"Alright, that's probably our call to head out before that happens again." Tubbo whispered, ready to walk out and go back to their room.

"Wait, can I uh ask a question of my own" Tommy asked before the two walked off.

"Uh sure bossman!"

"How's Shroud? Are you treating him well" Tommy asked a bit nervously.

Ranboo smiled, "He misses you a lot, but he's been getting along with Michael. And yes we're treating him as if we're his own." Tommy softly smiled, "good, good. Also will you be back? So I know not to fall asleep before someone puts their hands over my mouth" he joked

"Yeah, yeah we will," Tubbo replied this time, genuinely smiling with a promise glint in his eyes. They left knowing they'll see eachother again even over a few words.



## Chapter End Notes

I'll go over this tomorrow for now I just want sleep. Hope you enjoyed

# Reunion

## Chapter Notes

Oh god this was incredibly late I'm so sorry, I've been struggling a bit with my mental health and my rat got really sick and I've started new school and all that I just haven't really have time and the motivation!.

Again this isn't reread and it won't be probably until tomorrow but enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's been two weeks, *two long weeks*.

Tommy can happily say that Ranboo and Tubbo did keep on visiting, but he didn't let that get to his head too much. He still doesn't know what they'll do to him or if they're just secretly telling whatever leader they have. Just because he jokes with them doesn't mean he has to trust them.

Luckily Technoblade never found out, though there were a few times where they almost got caught. Either Tubbo or Ranboo walking down the hallway too early or Techno coming back due to forgetting something. Sometimes when Tommy pretended to be asleep so he could wait for the duo to get there Techno would still be there, mostly fixated on his hair.

He'd usually just run his fingers through, it gently scratching his scalp as well. Because of Tommy being "asleep" he couldn't swap his hand away or anything. Well one time he just turned around in which techno fucking growled over it. Tommy just turned over again and glared at him instead of pretending to sleep before he shut his eyes again. The hand returned tho and now there was a chuffing noise, Tommy did the most logical thing to do and, uh, leaned into it and accidentally fell asleep.

Tommy really does hate it, he definitely didn't accidentally whine when Techno pulled away to leave one time which ended up in the piglin braiding his hair. (Tommy quickly ruined the braid when he left, not wanting Tubbo and Ranboo to know because it was embarrassing.)

Tommy never brought up Techno's weird obsession with his hair when the hybrid was around. But he did with Ranboo and Tubbo in order to trade for questions. He was right when he thought of it as a hybrid thing but what he was wrong about was why. Apparently it was due to piglins, a mob hybrid, having obsessions with gold and tending to hoard it. So Techno's brain mistook Tommy's hair as gold because of the bright color and how lights bounce off it.

The two giggled a lot over it, saying 'aw, Technoblade really is soft' so Tommy assumes he's usually a cold person then. They also straight up cackled when Tommy accidentally mentioned the chuffing noise Techno made, not even explaining it to him. They also almost got caught over this because of how loud they were with their laughing.

Tommy didn't really have any other questions other than what they were going to do with him and how was Shroud so he did learn more about hybrid instincts and such. Apparently hybrids usually can't control the new limbs they get from it, Tubbo pointed out how Techno's ear twitches whenever he's lying or trying to ignore/pretend he didn't hear somebody. The whole memory side effect made sense now with Shroud barely even remembering much from his life but recognizing some things.

Case and point he's learned a lot more about hybrids and honestly he still doesn't see what makes them so apparently dangerous. Despite the obvious with them being legitimately part *human*. Their traits aren't even scary nor harmful, sure fangs are sharp but it's basically just a cat bite (Tubbo bit him when he was shoving his hand in his face). Tubbo's horns are pretty sharp but unless you're going to give him a head pat theirs really nothing dangerous about him.

He's been told that Techno is supposed to be the most intimidating due to his tusks and the whole blood red eyes. Tommy could see why as the first day Technoblade tried to be all intimidating n shit but he's really just some dude with sarcastic wimps, also super bad at emotions in general. Techno also told stories a lot whether it was about Greek mythology or his family.

Techno usually told Tommy about his brother Wilbur (which the name still sounds oddly familiar) and Tommy's learned that they're apparently the complete opposite despite being *twins*. Before the apocalypse Techno said he was more of an introverted person rather than Wilbur who was more "charming and good with words". The piglin said that he only needed his family and didn't bother to really make friends, which is sweet but also incredibly sad.

This routine continued and he expected to be the same today as well. but he was given the news that he'll be able to see Shroud again. So now he's in front of the door being able to freely walk around now.

Tommy was very very fucking nervous if he's going to be honest. But of course excited as well, who wouldn't be if you were going to see someone close to you after 2 entire weeks. But most of all he was worried.

He doesn't entirely know what Ranboo and Tubbo said were true, he'd love to trust them but he really can't. They could have done something to Shroud or brainwash him or anything! Yeah sure he's a bit paranoid but he's a human in hybrid territory. Not that hybrids are bad people but humans *are*, their trust is probably paper thin as well. Tommy really hopes this goes well if not then he'll probably have to break some promises.

Still in his usual white shirt and black shorts Tommy stands behind Techno nervously cracking his knuckles.

"Soo Blade this isn't like a trap or anything right? I'm actually going to be able to see Shroud?" the piglin sighed.

"Yes Tommy, he clearly misses you very much as you do with him. Despite you being human you haven't done anything wrong or even made a mistake in general. So Dream said it was alright to let you out now and the others have been curious and nagging about you as well so might as well"

"Wow, I can't believe I'm mighty popular, eh?" Techno huffed hand on the door knob. "You're a good kid, so don't ruin your chance."

Techno opened the door to what Tommy assumes a hallway, seemingly looking both ways to avoid people.

Tommy was told that he'll be seeing Shroud before meeting everyone else for the morning meal. Shroud has already met everyone he's been told about a week ago he was aloud out and to the cafeteria. Of course he's been told everyone loved him, just confused why he traveled

with a human even looking for signs for fucking abuse. He gets it but Jesus Christ man they really think he's that cruel? Of course he's been told they didn't find anything but still a bit skeptical.

They make it down the hallway half way through Techno motioned for Tommy to go to his side instead of being behind. Tommy did and kept his eyes on the ground still nervously fidgeting. He felt Technos' cloak brush against his back before pulling him into his side, basically hiding him. *What the fuck ma-*

"Techno" an unfamiliar voice greeted Tommy's confusion cleared a bit, but why hide him?

"Wilbur" *oh it's his brother?*

"I thought you were escorting the human to the kid?" Tommy shuffled a bit wanting to get a look at what this dude looks like. His suspicions might be correct that he might have recognized this guy somewhere or in the foster system due to his name. Then again if that's true he might recognize him and know his age.....Tommy stopped moving.

"I am" Tommy slightly saw brown hair before it was blocked again by the red cape.

"I don't see why you're hiding me" He whispered to Techno not knowing if he was supposed to speak or not. Tommy didn't see but Wilbur's ear flicker.

"Me neither human, Tech?" Tommy flinched at that, not knowing he was heard, *stupid hybrid hearing* . Also did Techno never give his name, human seriously?

The piglin hummed, "you'll meet soon, you can just suffer Wilbur" Techno started walking again and Tommy quickly followed not wanting to get stuck in the red cloak. Wilbur only huffed impatiently but didn't make any move to actually meet Tommy properly.

The cloak fell from around him, no longer shielding him from any eyes. Honestly Tommy wants it back he feels rather uncomfortable being in this wear, so *vulnerable*. He's seen

himself and honestly he looks weirdly smaller like a kid despite being 6'1 6'3. They said they've washed his old clothes but yet to give them to him so he'll ask after he sees Shroud.

After what felt like ages, Techno stops at a door and Tommy just grows more nervous but eager to slam it open and see his kid. Tommy assumes that Ranboo and Tubbo are there as well and probably also Micheal as he could hear chattering from the other side. He can hear Shroud giggling at something as well and his heart *aches* .

Techno looks down at him and he looks back with pleading eyes.

The door opens.

Shroud turns his head over to Tommy dropping something that he really couldn't be all too focused on. Tommy froze when he looked over at the other; it felt like it's been years and he couldn't help the tears that built up as he wore a gentle smile.

"Mommy..." Shroud sobs rushing up and running over to Tommy who bends down so the other can hug him. The human is a bit taken back as Shroud clings tightly sobbing into his shoulder.

Tommy rubs circles in the others back rocking him back and forth as he sheds his own tears. He couldn't care about the eyes on them as he runs his fingers through the others hair which is nicely soft.

"You're alright, you're alright! You're okay!" Shroud speaks and hiccups as sobs still rack his throat. "I am, I am. You don't need to worry about me big man it's alright" he slightly chuckles as Shroud tightens his grip for reassurance that Tommy isn't going to go anywhere.

"You're so brave, you don't have to worry anymore" He cupped his cheek and used his thumb to wipe away the tears that trailed down Shroud's face. Shroud gently let's go taking a look at Tommy's face checking that it really *is* him, his mom. "You're not leaving right? Never again!" Tommy sadly smiles not knowing what will happen but, "no, no I'll be here

with you forever” He ruffled his hair and Shroud once again, rather roughly, placed his head on Tommy’s chest still crying a bit.

They stayed like that for a few moments before someone cleared their throat, Ranboo surprisingly.

“Here, uh, Tommy don’t mean to ruin the moment but I’d think you’d rather be out of those clothes” Ranboo went over to a desk and picked up some clothes that laid neatly folded, “Took a very long time to get the, er, blood stains out. Heh”

“Jesus Christ, finally I can get out of this weird ass hospital fit.” Shroud giggled still sitting in Tommy’s lap comfortably tears only now starting to stop. Tommy genuinely smiled as all worries washed away as he stared at the younger in his lap.

After a few minutes Shroud ended up letting go so Tommy could finally change out of the clothes and back into his old ones. Ranboo pointed over to the bathroom they had in the room in which he nodded going in quickly. He shut the door and sighed in relief.

He wasted no time to get change as he started undressing from the clothes he deemed “ugly as shit”. Afterwards Tommy patted his pocket noticing his hair was still down making him wrinkle his nose in discomfort. Luckily he found a spare he kept in the ripped jeans pulling it out and putting his hair in a tight ponytail in the back. He felt *complete*.

Tommy finally looked around the bathroom, of course it looked like a regular bathroom but he was more so looking for a mirror, which was pretty cracked but will do.

He stared at his reflection and with amazement. Not that he looked amazing or flawless of course not but he instead awed at the change. After the first day he took an actual bath he never really looked at himself in the mirror other than a quick glance.

The same red hoodie he wore at the beginning of the apocalypse layered on the barely noticeable red and white T. Ripped jeans that before weren’t even a bit tattered at the beginning of the apocalypse due to it being so new, showed off all the scars he gained from

mobs and humans and sometimes hybrids as well. Instead of just exposed in the black long shorts they looked more framed that showed how much he's grown and been through.

His hair looked so much healthier and brighter than it has in years due to the regular baths and knots that were gently tugged by fingers out of his hair. His bangs noticeably grew almost reaching to his eyes, hair was so long that even his neck hairs started to curl under his ears. Tommy huffs that he really should get a haircut. With one last look Tommy feels better back in his old clothes and he goes to join the others.

He goes back but this time Ranboo looks slightly nervous and Tubbo is disappointed.

“Uh he knows about our visits apparently” Ranboo chuckled sheepishly. “Oh, um, how?” Tommy asked, not knowing what to really say.

“Went to go talk to Tubbo and Ranboo and they weren't there so I was about to go back to my room but then I heard Ranboo and Tubbo laughing. Soooo I kinda just assumed from there. You're fine by the way I don't really care.” All three of them relaxed at that.

“Told you, you were laughing too loud”

“But it was hilarious!” Tubbo giggled, it was the one about Techno weird chuffing noises that they still didn't tell Tommy what that meant.

“Listen I don't care about whatever you thought was funny, but why were you seeing each other anyways?.” Techno huffed, only if you knew what the two really thought was funny.

“Well Technoblade, nobody gave us anything about what's going on just because we're younger. So we did it ourselves” Tubbo said, simply having a smug look on his face.

“You could have gotten hurt” He supplies beginning to frown.



“Tommy wouldn’t ever hurt us! Plus I’m not that stupid I brought weapons” Tubbo argued.

“Yeah but you didn’t even know he would, you went in blind with a potentially dangerous human who’s years older than you and more experienced” Tommy started to shift uncomfortably and Shroud joined his side wanting to have his mommy close in case something happens.

“Okay but-!”

“We don’t need to argue about this, it happened, it went fine end of story” Ranboo cut Tubbo off not wanting to proceed in the argument with Tommy and the kids around.

The moment stayed awkward for a while longer before there was a buzzing on Techno’s hip. Morse code in which nobody except Techno could really translate.

“I gotta take this” Techno stepped out of the room obviously a bit upset over the small argument. The door softly clicked and the three teens spared a few glances towards one another.

“Ranboo, bathroom.”

“Okayyy then.”

Tommy watched as the two made it across the other side of the room and into the bathroom. Tommy just wanted to see his Kid man not cause any arguments.

“Shroud, There's a pack of biscuits in one of my hoodie pockets in the duffel bag.” Tommy made eye contact with the spider hybrid, he stared back face blank.

“I’m disowning you”

Tommy wheezed

“Ranboo I don’t think Tommy is actually nineteen.” Tubbo ran his fingers through his hair.

“Eeeeeuuu, why do you say that?” he nervously chuckled.

Tubbo looked up at Ranboo noticing the enderman hybrid cracking his knuckles and looking away. But not in the usual Ranboo way in the way the taller was hiding something. He knew.

“Aha! He isn’t”

“What! No, no, no, no he is” Ranboo defended growing even more nervous.

“You know he’s not! And you’ve been keeping that away from me! I’m your platonic husband! We have a child!” Tubbo seemed incredibly upset by this besides the joking at the end which only made Ranboo stumble on his words even more.

“Okay one were not even married and two, if he lied about his age don’t you see he has reasons too”

“You still could have told me”

“I’m not going to spill someone’s secrets when they have a valid reason to keep it a secret!”

“Yeah but he’s a human! We need to know these things”

“And just because he’s a human he doesn’t have the right to have some sort of secrets, or to hide anything with a reason and to protect himself?!” Ranboo isn’t a guy to get upset often but this is pretty hypocritical. He gets it humans are dangerous but Tommy has shown obvious signs of actually caring! and Ranboo doesn’t understand how it’s hard to believe someone can actually be good even without hybrid traits. at least one person.

Tubbo huffed, “how old is he?” He asked calmly. Ranboo really didn’t want to say.

“Ranboo please just tell me, how old is he?”

“He’s around our age. A bit younger” Tubbo’s face slowly dropped realizing how all their information is effected by this.

He opened the bathroom door slightly to see Tommy sitting on the ground right next to Micheal and Shroud. He was pointing at the scars that showed on his legs and probably telling the story of them as Micheals face lightened with amazement and Shroud grin burning like the early sunrise.

He was a kid casually pointing at scars that looked extremely painful to experience. Tubbo’s heart aches just like Ranboo’s when he saw the video. The goat hybrid closed the door again.

“How do you know this?” He asked simply, his voice slightly cracked indicating that he was a bit heartbroken at the information.

“In the video that popped up on that camera. He said something about how he was just some dumb fifteen year old who didn’t know what he was doing...” the enderman hybrid spoke quietly, tail wrapping around his leg for some type of comfort as the video plays back in his mind.

“We’re going to have to tell camp eventually y’know. I mean at least I don’t think everyone has that much of a heart to throw out some teenager.” Tubbo chuckled faintly

“Yeah I know.... Let’s just keep it this way until later tho alright? When the time comes maybe he’ll be ready to say something himself.” Ranboo smiled hopefully.

“Yeah,” he sighed, “let’s go” The two opened the door to spot Technoblade already in the room, uneasiness radiated off Tommy as he turned to look at the two who came back.

“Good news, Supply runners just got here. This’ll make it much easier to explain.” Techno held up his communicator. “Let’s get going then.”

Shroud clenched Tommy’s hand as the two both felt a bit of deja vu at the mention of “supply runners” and “making it easier to explain”

## Chapter End Notes

Know you guys been waiting for Shroud’s and Tommy’s reunion and here it is!  
Woouoooooooo. Updates are going to go back to normal every week. Hopefully :,)

# Cafeteria

## Chapter Notes

2 more chapters!

Also wanted to clarify because I saw a lot of people get confused about this, Tommy I'm this fic is 15 while Ranboo and Tubbo are 16 (based on the cc actual birthdays). I made them younger because in Dsmp I think Shroud would be 9-10 and I thought that before this fic so I decided to age em down so when Tommy and the others are 17-18 Shroud and Micheal will be around that age as well

I was going to change it but never did so oh well, god now I'm ranting anyways enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy pointed to a scar on his knee, "and that was from when I was by a creeper explosion in the River" Micheal gasped examining the rather large scar.

"I was there too! The creeper came out of nowhere!" Shroud grinned.

Tommy giggled, he loved talking about all the scars he gained to Michael. Despite all the pain and traumatic things he went through to get them Micheal looked at him like he was strong. much like Shroud did when Tommy would have just "walked off" one of the scenarios he got himself in for the scar to form. He's glad Shroud never saw the way he cried on his way to get wood for a campfire because the pain was too much.

The door creaked open again and Tommy tensed only to see it was Techno. The piglin was putting away a communicator back in his pocket on the leather belt.

"Well good news suppliers came back" he closed the door again, "where did Ranboo and Tubbo go" he huffed.

"Bathroom" The blonde nodded over to the door across the room.

Tommy only now just realized the piglins words and became uneasy. The thought of suppliers or supply runners brings him back to the day he met Shroud. How he thought that it was good news making it much easier to explain if anything, he glanced over to the bag he stole from them. He's sure he's got a few shirts they found for one of the youngest in the group but instead he took and patched for Shroud to wear.

Shroud gripped Tommy's sweatshirt as well and he can already tell the younger thought back to that day as well. He really hopes this goes well. Tommy stood up and Shroud followed, their hands both intertwined. Tommy sent Shroud a comforting smile as he noticed the other shifting from foot to foot.

The door finally opened and both Ranboo and Tubbo came out. Tommy turned and looked at the two trying to hide his uneasiness but he didn't think it really worked.

"Good news, Supply runners just got here. This'll make it much easier to explain." Techno held up his communicator. "Let's get going then." Shroud and Tommy clenched each other's hands as the pit of anxiety in Tommy's stomach grew.

They all made their way towards the door heading to go get breakfast and all Tommy wanted to do was turn back around.

He'd rather have been just kicked out with how scared he is to go into the room that will be filled with basically everyone in their base. Then again if he were he wouldn't be able to see Shroud ever again and of course he doesn't want that. All he can do is hope that things will go well and he makes a good impression so they won't fucking kick him out. Would that be better tho? He really doesn't know.

Shroud seemed to be happy here though so he'll definitely try, or does Shroud not even want him here...? Fuck he's overthinking. The hallway seemed to be getting longer as they continued the walk which Tommy didn't know whether to be grateful or just be dreading more.

Tommy then saw the entrance to the cafeteria knowing he's definitely not going to be able to go back now. He even saw a few hybrids walking around and some already at tables eating and chatting. Shroud nudged him slightly and Tommy looked down at the spider hybrid. By

the look in his eyes Tommy could already tell that Shroud wanted to stop holding hands as he's not the one people will be meeting this time or have their attention on. The younger also glanced over to Micheal and Tommy gently smiled, detaching their hands so the two could run off and get something to eat.

He also noticed Tubbo and Ranboo waiting for the two both sending a sympathetic look towards his way before going over to what Tommy could identify as the serving area for food. That left him and Techno at the entrance which Techno stopped before making it into view of the other hybrid. Of course Tommy stopped right beside him as he knew Technoblade was the one who would be by his side this entire time just in case.

"You ready Theseus?" Techno asked still monotone as ever.

"Not really but I don't have much of a choice if I wanna stay here and be there for Shroud, now do I?" He chuckled nervously.

"I guess that's true, despite you being a literal gremlin I'm sure they'll like you" the piglin smiled down at Tommy.

"Well fuck you too"

"Now you just ruined the moment," Tommy laughed.

And then the two started walking into the cafeteria.

Now Tommy isn't really a person to get social anxiety or any type of anxiety often but he's sure at this moment has made up for that. As he walked he felt like he hid breath sucked out of his body as he could tell people could see him. He heard quite a few gasps and the chattering quieted down quite quickly, Tommy couldn't help but begin to crack his knuckles as eyes watching him.

From what he was told the night before he was supposed to meet the camp's leader before anyone else was allowed to talk to him. So at least he didn't have people just walking up to him to question him, yet.

He was tense as hell and out of nowhere he felt someone put their hand on his shoulder. Which embarrassingly he did flinch and turn around to see who it was, judging by the sunglasses on the person's face this was Eret. Technoblade was still at his side raising an eyebrow to which Tommy translated it to probably asking if he was okay, of course he just gave a quick nod over to the piglin putting his attention to Eret.

"Uh, sorry didn't mean to scare you, you're Tommy correct?" Eret hesitantly held out his hand, Tommy noted that forgetting he wasn't an equal here, ouch.

"Yeah that's me, Um nice to meet you *Eret* " y'know when you call someone Eret for the first time it's kinda strange. He shook the others hand

"I see your as nervous as everyone else here," the man chuckled, "Well welcome to the camp, as you can tell since this is a hybrid camp we don't get much humans. So I hope you don't disappoint me for you being our first, or else just kicking you out isn't all we can do" he lightly threatened. Ah so that's how it's going to be.

"As long as Shrouds safe I don't see why I would do anything wrong" he smiled, his shoulders becoming less tense as he continued.

"Trust me he's in good hands you don't need to worry. But the real question is Tommy, what do you want with our camp? Are you just using Shroud as a way to get into safety?" Well this conversation is becoming more of an interrogation. If he was being honest Tommy had a slight hunch this would happen.

"Trust me Eret, I just want him to be safe. He's my kid and I'll love him whether he is a hybrid or not. I brought him here in hopes for him to have a better life than out there and if I need to leave for you to keep him," Tommy spared a quick glance to over where Shroud sat happily talking to Micheal, he smiled and sucked in a sharp breath "I'll do it, but believe me, even if I'm human, I could care less about who's a hybrid or not."



Eret seemed to pause at that genuinely shocked at the answer.

“Guess I shouldn’t have doubted Techno” Eret chuckled once again.

“Woooooooow really doubted me Eret? And I thought I could consider you a friend.”

“Don’t act like you wouldn’t do the same you pig.” The conversation seemed to go back to a nice pace and Tommy thanked whatever god was up there for it. He did not feel like having to sit through an hour-long string of questions when he’s already been doing that with Techno for two weeks. They had enough information they can kindly fuck off now.

“I’ll let Techno guide you for where everything will be, still remember what I said Tommy.” Eret walks away from Tommy making a small two fingered gesture, and suddenly the people who were watching looked ready to fucking pounce up and run over to him.

Of course some looked at him with fear and distrust in their eyes but the majority of others seemed curious. Techno nudged him seeing as he got distracted by looking over the tables with people chattering and definitely whispering about him.

“Come on, let's at least try to go and get food, wasn’t lying when I said people were curious about you” and so they did, maybe even walking about five inches before someone came over and stopped them.

The lady had long curly white hair and she seemed to be a ram hybrid. She held herself with confidence and a brave smile displayed on her face. She seemed to be wearing a pirate get-up, strange much like Techno but Tommy wasn’t one to judge. She was obviously one of the many people who seemed curious and excited about him despite being a human.

“Hello, Tommy. My name is Puffy. I'm the camp's therapist.” She held out her hand in which Tommy took, a bit taken back by the excitement.

“Uh, nice to meet you?” Once again Tommy shook someone’s hand.

“So, uh Tommy, what’s it like out there, you seem pretty young, must have been rough raising a child as well.” What kind of answers did this lady want from him?

“Oh, uhm-“

“Nahhh, I see what’s going on here. Shoo Puffy I’m sure Tommy’s fine you don’t need another client” the ram hybrid laughed at this, “yeah you caught me, but really Tommy if you ever need anything or need someone to talk about I’m here. I’m rather happy to at least have one human here who isn’t corrupt in any type of way.”

“Uh, thanks?” Man Tommy is doing a great job at this whole good first impression thing. He likes puffy even tho he barely paid attention to what was going on if you replace the ‘f’s in her name it spells out Pussy.

“No problem kid, hope everyone else doesn’t give you a hard time you seem good” she smiled and then head off to the kitchen area.

With them following behind it wasn’t even 30 seconds before the two were stopped again, Techno seemed to be over all the interacting while Tommy is just happy he hasn’t pissed himself yet. This time it was two people. Without even introducing themselves they immediately went into conversation.

“You’re the guy who ran out of that fucking horde!” the man with gold-like hair appears to be *Shark* Technoblade slightly turned to Tommy raising a brow well the other one next to the, what were they? A golden shark? A Shark hybrid? Tommy doesn’t know. But the other next to him continued.

“Yeah, what were you even carrying?” Tommy noted the small duck-like wings on the lower back this man, what an odd pair. It finally dawned on Tommy what they were actually talking about.

“We’re you the ones responsible for that fucking gun shot” Tommy asked a bit shocked that those two saw him yet never tried to talk to him. Which fair he was again a human.

“Yeah! Well Eret did. Pissed off an enderman. You didn’t answer our question!” The Shark hybrid pitched in.

“Ah, well I was holding Shroud” he chuckled.

“We thought you were heavily armed or something of the sort. How did you even manage to just- go into that horde in the first place?” The dark haired man this time asked.

“Lots of fucking mob guts, seriously I rather take the longer route then do that ever again” The blonde joked.

“Huh-“

“By the way I’m Foolish and duckling is Q” Foolish pointed to Q? .

“No it’s not, I’m Quackity and I’m *not* a prime damn duckling” Quackity grumbled, Tommy really just now noticed the beanie with a small duck pin and scar that sat on his left eye.

“You sure act like it” that earned the shark hybrid a smack on the head from Quackity who looked pretty irritated.

“Well it was great to meet you Human!” Foolish said in a chirpy tone while Quackity walked away annoyed. Tommy wanted to correct him about the whole calling him Human thing instead of his name but he kept quiet. He’s not going to ruin his perfect first impression.

Instead of trying to walk somewhere or anything else Tommy was once again hidden by the red cloak on Technoblades' back.

“Alright I’m taking you to Wilbur before anyone else gets to meet ya.” Tommy only huffed looking down to notice the piglins tail wagging like some puppy. He figured he won’t do anything about this either...

Tommy really didn’t pay attention much as Techno moved he heard a faint shout about supplies and then the room got a bit louder but that was it. He didn’t know why Technoblade needed to “escort” like this over to Wilbur but whatever made the piglin hybrid happy Tommy didn’t dare to change that. All of a sudden Technoblade stopped and he no longer had red up in his face from the cape.

Instead of the guy Wilbur already facing them he was already in a conversation with a guy who had *huge* ass wings. Tommy looked more carefully though and he noticed something. The man was wearing a recognizable ugly yellow sweater and was freakishly tall. His hair was short but the curls on top seemed to continue to the front of his face, Tommy could also see from behind the man wearing circular glasses and a smile. Y’know for it being s couple of years Wilbur hasn’t changed a bit the only thing missing was a guitar.

Before Technoblade could call the other piglins attention this time Tommy was the first to speak.

“Y’know, I never really thought I’d meet you again, *Wilbur Soot* .” Tommy remembers. He remembers the hours-long banter and the strumming of the man's guitar. This was the only person he ever thought of like a brother despite having multiple foster brothers in the foster system.

It felt like it was in slow motion as he froze for a second immediately whipping his head around to stare at Tommy. And in his eyes he saw it, he recognized Tommy by the simple words and little details. But before the man or anyone really could get a word in it all crashed...

“Tommy?” It was not the voice of Wilbur but the voice of a *traitor*.

Tommy's eyes widen as he looked to his side, there in all his glory was fucking Sam. And it seems he was a creeper hybrid now as well.

“You're alive!?”

## Chapter End Notes

WOOOOOO CLIFFHANGER

anyway the next two chapter might take a bit because I plan on making them longer and more dialogue filled and such so sorry for late updates for the last two chapters (not really tho lmao)

Didn't reread so sorry for mistakes :)

# Forgiveness

## Chapter Notes

Hulloooo, finally updated when I was supposed to lmao. Hope you don't mind changed it so there will be 2 more chapters before TMKMS is over :D just felt like what I had planned should have its own chapter due to all the emotions and thoughts, etc.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Tommy?”

*It was still cloudy out and Tommy was helping Sam pack everything from the shelves in the pharmacy. While Tommy was sorting out food Sam was with medication and things like bandages, etc. everyone else was sorting blankets in the main area for everyone to sleep on.*

*The blonde wiped a bead of sweat that was dripping down his face as he lifted the last box they put shit tons of food in. Why the fuck did they even have cake mix at a pharmacy? Who goes to a pharmacy for cake mix!*

*“You alright there Tommy?” He turned over to Sam who looked a bit concerned.*

*“I’m great Sam! They don’t call me Big man for nothing!” Tommy grinned.*

*It’s been about four days since the bombs went off, two days since the monsters outside finally cleared up, and only a couple of hours ago they sent out supply runners. Sadly in a pharmacy you can’t really make actual food because of course a pharmacy doesn’t have the proper essentials.*

*Tommy's also been getting closer to Sam and Ponk. Ever since Sam fixed his foot and introduced him to Ponk, they were the only people he has been talking to. Sam was a pretty nice guy, very hardworking as well and Tommy could admire that. Ponk was pretty funny as well and had some weird obsession with lemons.*

*"Are you sure? It's alright to take a bit of a break because of your foot."*

*Ah right his foot, see it was broken due to the... accident, but luckily it will have a quick recovery as long as he's careful enough to not jump on it or some shit. Ponk looked over it, apparently Ponk used to go to college in the medical field before dropping out after 3 years after deciding he didn't want to anymore. Tommy was reckless but he wasn't that reckless it was truly admirable.*

*Tommy's grin turned into a soft smile, "sure I'll take a bit of a break" he didn't want to worry Sam too much.*

*Sam seemed very pleased at that, putting down the box he was carrying he joined Tommy and sat on one of the plastic chairs in the storage room. The green haired man picked something up off the ground and tossed it over to Tommy. It was a regular water bottle, something that they should probably use very warily.*

*"Sam I don't-"*

*"Come on Tommy treat yourself, you've got a broken foot and your the only one who volunteered to help me" Sam chuckled picking up one for himself, fucking bastard.*

*"Fine, but if you get a complaint from Ponk not my fault" he sighed, undoing the lid on the water bottle and taking a quick swig of it. He wiped off the water that was dripping from his mouth and laid back in the chair. He really didn't notice how tired he was.*

*"Yeah yeah" he chuckled while drinking from his own water bottle as he looked at the blonde fondly, and of course Tommy was too distracted by his own exhaustion to even notice.*

*The silence stretched between the two as they sat, that was until Sam disrupted with a dumbass question.*

*“What was your life really like before this- apocalypse” Sam asked curiously, Tommy stiffened.*

*“Well I got many bitches of course.”*

*“No I mean, with foster care and everything. Heard it was shit so you don’t need to talk about it if you don’t want to..”*

*Tommy stared blankly back, he never really talked seriously about foster care or any of his problems. If he was going to be honest he was scared, he didn’t want to sound dumb or anything, he’s a big man!...*

*“Well it was fine I guess, got fucking hard at times that’s for sure. Luckily I had a good social worker who didn’t ignore the signs of abuse like a lot of the other kids. So yeah I was moved around a lot but I know she was trying.” Tommy felt like crying, Big men cry sometimes, yeah? He’ll keep it in, he can do this.*

*“Oh I’m sorry Tommy-“ He cut him off though, still remembering everything as if it happened a day ago.*

*“It was even worse when I was fucking ten, I blamed myself for my Mums death, the home I was staying in already withheld food for bad grades so that just made my whole sulking worse. And then Clementine and I-“ he hiccuped, tears starting to roll down his cheeks.*

*“Oh Tommy” Sam stood up and wrapped his arms around the younger one in which Tommy couldn’t help but cry into.*

*“Hey, shhhh it’s okay-“*



*“I shouldn’t be fucking crying, I’m sorry I just can’t-“*

*“You’re alright Tommy, it’s basically the end of the fucking world you’re aloud to cry” Sam chuckled trying to lighten the mood as Tommy gripped the back of his clothing tighter, harsh sobs shaking his whole body.*

*“I just, Sam you won’t leave me, yeah. I know I sound childish but please don’t leave.” He begged.*

*“I’m not going anywhere I promise, don’t worry Tommy.” Tommy wanted to call Sam out on that, on how he can’t promise things like that. How he’s said it himself it’s basically the end of the world shits fucked but he couldn’t. He just let himself melt into the man and feel safe at that moment.*

*The two stayed that way for awhile, Tommy’s breaths going from fast and harsh to softer he pressed into the hug. Eventually after a while the duo started back up again with moving boxes, of course Sam would pitch in every now and then due to his concerns.*

*Tommy even found a bat eventually to which he would hammer nails into and make a more efficient weapon. As Ponk cheered for destruction Sam pitched in to tell the boy to watch it for his eyes as he swung it around like a sword. Tommy laughed, a full genuine laugh and he let himself think that he was Safe with Sam. That he was safe in this bitch of an earth.*

**Sam was a liar.**

*The Sun began to set and Tommy let the duffel bag roll off his shoulders and onto the dusty and unused floor. It’s been about two weeks since the whole incident with Sam and everyone.*

*Shroud and him both didn't travel much after he bolted from everyone. He was still trying to get over the fact they legit shot at him.*

*His foot was still pretty fucked up but luckily and surprisingly the run didn't do too much to it other than just cause pain. He already had painkillers from the time he stocked up while Sam went and got bandages for his foot.*

*The duo were in an abandoned apartment building and Tommy still had fresh blood and mutant guts on his bat from clearing out the entrance. With being in such a rush Tommy realized the amount of blood on his hands and gagged. He needed to get gloves or something.*

*He dusted off the couch in the apartment and sat down Shroud following as well. Tommy relaxed running a hand through his hair, realizing he smeared blood on his forehead he whined. This was shit. At least Shroud seemed fine, he just sat playing with his cow Henry which Tommy's been wanting to just give the Boy it, with the amount he ends up carrying around.*

*The blonde didn't even wait a minute before getting up and cleaning around the place since he's assuming they'll be there for a day. He also cleaned the blood off his flesh relief to see the water still runs in the apartment. After he's done he goes to rummage through the duffel bag he stole, finding a shirt that is about Shroud size and another that's a bit larger but will do with the sleeves. He looked in one of the tiny pockets on the side of the duffel bag pulling out a needle and thread.*

*He found himself sitting right next to Shroud again getting to work creating clothes for the younger to wear. The silence between them only kept that way for a few minutes when Shroud ended up breaking it this time, no longer as nervous to talk to Tommy anymore.*

*"Hey mommy" The spider hybrid looked up from the stuffed animal in his arms.*

*"Tommy" he hummed, "and yeah what is it big man."*

*"What was your life before all of this?" Shroud asked curiously. Tommy stopped his sewing, not expecting the question.*

*“Oh, well, I was in this thing called foster care. Pretty shit if you ask me, it could be alright sometimes though.” He continued to pull the thread from one of the sleeves, hunched over so he didn’t miss anything.*

*“How was it bad?” The child wondered.*

*“Well, Let’s just say, uh, I didn’t have parents around so they put me in a system where I’d be fostered by other people who were “capable”. Eventually you’re supposed to be adopted and shit but y’know everyone kinda had a problem with me whether it was a good home or not.” He explained in the best way possible without breaking down or anything. He hated doing that he most definitely wasn’t going to be doing in front of a kid no less. Plus he loved Shroud he wasn’t going to make him put up with his dumb emotions.*

*“Oh,” Shroud whispered slightly.*

*“What about you big man?” Tommy asked, “you don’t have to tell me by the way if you’re not comfortable”*

*“No it’s fine you told me your story so I might as well too” The other couldn’t help the small smile tugging at his face as the spider hybrid hugged Henry tighter.*

*“I guess I don’t really remember much from before, though I do remember my mama and papa leaving me because I- I was a monster.” He hiccuped, rubbing at his eyes, “that’s all really but it hurts”*

*Tommy gently placed the needle and thread as well as what he was working with all on the floor. He moved closer to the other as he hiccuped and hugged cow plush.*

*“Hey, hey, it’s alright big man. Trust me you are nowhere near a monster.” As Tommy wrapped his arms around the boy he did the same gripping on Tommy’s clothes. “Let it allll out. You’re safe.”*

*“You won’t leave me like they did right? You won’t leave me because I’m this way, right?” The blonde could feel Shroud small claws digging into his sweatshirt.*

*“Of fucking course not, you’re the coolest kid I’ve ever met. This way or not I won’t be leaving you.” He rocked the two back and forth until he could hear Shroud’s soft snores.*

*Tommy gently put him down on the couch grabbing a blanket from the duffel bag and wrapping it around the spider hybrid so he was warm. Tommy glanced at him ever so fondly as he got back to his work.*

*He wonders if this is how Sam felt when they both had the conversation m, when Tommy cried in his arms asking if he'd ever leave him. Because although Tommy knows he can't just say shit like that and expect it to be that way he truly believed he'll be there for Shroud.*

*Tommy still doesn't forgive Sam and he doesn't think he ever will even if somehow they cross paths in the future. He was already dumb in the first place to think even in the fucking apocalypse he could have someone promise to stay with him. Well unlike the others he means it.*

*He'll do anything for the spider hybrid, and you know what. If he ever sees Sam again he'll fucking punt that fucker. Hopefully karma gets to him before Tommy does because Tommy would not hold back! Alright that's sorta a lie he's a bit of a scrawny kid and could probably only land A punch and that's it.*

*Tommy soon fell asleep with those thoughts, before doing so smiling at the rise and fall of Shroud's chest. Knowing that he's safe made him feel it was worth everything.*

*“You’re alive!?”*

Of course, as soon as Tommy met someone he actually *knew* Sam just had to fucking show up. The same man who wanted to kill his kid for being a hybrid was currently staying in a hybrid camp, and was now a hybrid as well. Wow god really fucking hated him didn't he!

"Oh you fucker Sam." Tommy bit back scrunching up his nose as he looked up to the man. His tone let alone already gave off that he was fucking *pissed* at the creeper hybrid.

"Ah, I see your still mad about that--"

"Mad!? Fucking Mad?! Oh I'm absolutely dandy Sam! What could possibly have made me mad Sam!" Tommy started earning a few looks as he raised his voice though nobody stepped in. Only interested that the human knew Sam and was apparently livid at the man.

"Look Tommy, I was trying to protect you! Plus I've changed, isn't that enough?" Sam took a step back as Tommy took a step forward.

"Change! Ah of course how couldn't I tell! Tell me was this before you turned into a hybrid or after!" The blonde was borderline yelling at him at this point causing the attention of everyone to stare at the two.

He already knew that Sam only changed when he had become a hybrid. It was just so obvious. And honestly he couldn't care less, what happened was absolutely fucked up and nothing will change that.

"Does that really matter? Please Tommy, you're causing a scene.." Sam sounded nervous and Tommy knew exactly why. The man definitely didn't tell anybody about what had happened.

It's Sam though so why would he! Didn't tell anybody the fucked up shit he did like the bastard he was. The man already seemed to convince himself that it wasn't his fault for it so why would he even dare put himself in a bad spotlight!

“Oh I’m soooooo fucking sorry that I’m causing a scene in front of everyone I bet you care about!” Tommy started pushing his finger into Sam’s chest. Out of the corner of his eye he can see that someone had their hand on a knife near them... He could be stabbed for all he cared; he wanted *payback*. “Tell me Sam, do they know what you did?” He hissed.

“N-no but Tommy please. It was months ago a-and we were all scared you have to understand-“ the man stuttered smoke slightly coming out of the stupid gas mask that displayed on his face.

“You didn’t think I wasn’t fucking scared!? The first day! First fucking day I looked over to see someone I knew and cared for, for years died! I didn’t get to grieve properly because I was absolutely terrified!” People started to mutter, too shocked to step in.

The blonde still couldn’t find it in himself to really care, it was true though. Even when he ran with Shroud he never really took time to think back to Clementine. Maybe when he found that one moth he glazed over his memories with the women deciding the moth reminded him of her and so he named her after the social worker.

“I know and I’m sorry but I had to look out for everyone and it was safer to- y’know....”

“‘Y’know’ oh yeah y’know, TO FUCKING THREATEN TO KILL MY KID FOR BEING A GOD DAMN HYBRID” he screamed, voice cracking and throat raw.

People around them gasped, muttering to others quite loudly whilst Tommy catches his breath from the yelling and screaming. He was livid at Sam, the man couldn’t even properly apologize for what he did! Then got mad when he made a whole ass scene because of it.

Tommy relished as people in the cafeteria gave Sam judgemental looks. Yeah boooo Sam, fucking dickwad wanted to kill *his* kid and then walk in here like it wasn’t his fault! He was the leader of the group. They would have listened to him, but noooo, absolutely bullshit.

“Tommy I was trying to protect you and the others, I didn’t know- we never seen a hybrid before.” He could tell he was starting to get on the man's nerves as smoke seemed to fill the air.

“Then why didn’t you listen to me?!” Tears pricked at his eyes.

***“ Because no one would listen to me if I listened to a fifteen year old kid who nobody even wanted to start with! ”***

Tommy’s heart shattered. The tears that pricked at his eyes seemed to fall warm against his cheeks that were already red from the yelling. Sam really had to hit the spot that hurt the most didn’t he. Sam seemed to realize what he just said, smoke hung heavy in the air, the stench of gunpowder only made his heart beat more than it already was.

People weren’t supposed to know- he didn’t need anyone’s pity he was a big man! Huge man at that! Why couldn’t people notice that Tommy was a fucking person too not some dumb child who needed to be pitied he was done with that shit ages ago.

“Tommy I’m sor-“ a harsh *slap* made contact with the creeper hybrid’s face which rang throughout the entirety of the cafeteria. Sam’s mask bounced off the floor revealing a torn mouth that had little to no smoke coming out of it now.

“You Sam, are a fucking traitor and a liar. And you’ll never earn my forgiveness.” Tommy said slowly before quickly walking away. The blonde didn’t even bother to look at all the shocked faces that held sympathy and pity around him. Not even bothering to spare a glance towards Shroud who seemed to have been walking over to his mom.

The spider hybrid flinched as he made eye contact with the same man who had wanted him dead. Of course the only thing Shroud had done was hiss at the man before following his mommy.

Everybody stared at Sam before breaking out into loud chatter and also trying to ask Sam what the fuck was that. They all crowded around Sam, many people upset at the words Tommy yelled at Sam and others worried for the boy who was all too young to experience it.

What everyone didn't pay attention to was the shocked family who just thought they were going to be able to have a conversation with the human. Wilbur was already sputtering as his mind tried to process all of that.

"Heh? you know him!?" Technoblade shook his brother who looked to be still in shock.

"I- yeah I met him when he was younger, I- did he lie about his age?" Wilbur stood there dumbfounded, tail tightly wrapped around his lower leg.

"Huh, apparently!? Not the point- how do you know him!?"

"I- I need to go" Wilbur gently took Techno's hands off of him and began walking into the same hall Tommy did. Techno was about to go after him but instead Phil put a hand on his shoulder and simply just shook his head.

Eventually the two just joined in with the crowd trying to get any information from the creeper hybrid.

## Chapter End Notes

Do you guys think Sam got what he deserved lmao. I was shocked at how many of you commented it really made my day seeing everyone just have a mutual disliking towards Sam in this.



# It'll be alright

## Chapter Notes

Oh boy, sorry this took so long btw! It's spring break for me so I've got plans :,))

WARNING: implied child abuse, implied suicide

ALSO I just wanted to say that later in the chapter it's going to switch from just remembering it to like a full on memory n shit. Anyways enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur rushes away from his family, slowing his pace when he gets into the hallway he saw Tommy and Shroud run into.

If he was being honest he was still in absolute shock. It's worn off a bit but he's still processing all of this.

When Wilbur met Tommy the boy was about eleven to twelve he couldn't really remember the specifics that well but he knew the boy was something *special*. He was loud and wasn't afraid to speak his mind if it wasn't apparent from their first interaction.

Tommy was dirty when they met, one look and you can already tell that the boy was a street kid or not in a good home. Wilbur could see a wallet slightly slipping out of his pocket and couldn't help but soften at the gremlin who was in front of him. He was the same way when Phil found him, running from his old foster dad who promised to teach the boy discipline because he dared to touch his phone to talk to a friend from school.

Phil immediately called cps of course as Wilbur explained what happened with fear in his voice. When his case worker came she apparently recognized Phil as someone who took in Techno when the boy was smaller. From there on Phil fostered him until he was soon adopted, both his brother and Phil taking quite a liking to the loud and charming kid. He was ten when it happened and he could never be so grateful for his caseworker Clementine.

So you could say that he saw himself in the blonde boy that stood in front of him that day. He was truly charming in his own way and definitely loud. After the hours they spent with each other Wilbur could call the boy his brother at that point.

When he left and Wilbur got back to the house, that's long abandoned now, he never really told his brother nor father about Tommy. All he really said was he met someone interesting. The next day he went back to the fountain and stayed there till sunset. He was disappointed the blonde didn't come but then again he's sure the other had other things to do then meet with some seventeen year old at a fountain.

So of course he dropped it, he thought of the bright kid every now and again throughout the years. He thought of the shitty remarks about how he was the biggest man in the world and could take a fight with Wilbur any day. One day he couldn't help his curiosity with the child who managed to fill a little brother role he didn't know he wanted, needed even.

He looked at a foster care website that Wilbur once was on, he searched looking for the blonde and eventually he found him. Wilbur wasn't at all surprised really when he found out that Tommy was in foster care. Wilbur couldn't help but be a bit amused at the blurry picture of Tommy.

He seemed like some feral dog ready to attack, obviously a bit younger than he was supposed to be now, about thirteen in the picture. It seemed as if he was trying to yank the phone or whatever the person used to take a picture of Tommy with, out of their hands. Wilbur remembered clicking on the profile slightly nervously to see what he found as he knew some kids didn't get to approve their description or even look at it.

It said all the basic things Age, Gender, etc. Wilbur scrolled down more, biting his lip as he read about the boy.

Luckily it didn't say anything too bad, only talking about his interest in animals and despite what he's said he apparently works well with little kids. When he scrolled down a bit more on his profile Wilbur's stomach turned a bit, already knowing the way this goes as children who are loud like Tommy don't work well in the system.

*"Tommy would do better in homes where the parental figure is present more often as in the past his mother had passed away due to suicide and foster parents being gone for long*

*periods of time can cause him to panic. His case worker recommends being direct and honest as he has been through many awful homes and has problems trusting.”*

*Wilbur started to bite his nails as he already knew the foster system probably screwed him over much like him. He probably has a better case manager due to the fact he never really stayed long in abusive homes apparently except for about two.*

*Now the hard part which was to convince Phil to foster again, adopted even. Wilbur had a bit of a plan, he thinks he could get Techno to be on board.*

*Moments later Wilbur barged into Techno's room, the man was probably studying for college as it was nearing the end of his second year. Two more years and Techno would be finished and probably planning to move out, Wilbur right behind him. Who knew an inspiring musician and an English mayor would have about the same amount of years of college? Okay dumb question college degrees usually take four years in general.*

*Techno looked up unimpressed as he saw Wilbur looking giddy like a little kid despite being a grown ass man.*

*“Technoblade! How would you feel about a little brother” he raised a brow and Wilbur's grin only grew.*

*The next morning Phil came down the stairs after the long night of programming for a new game. He went and did his normal routine getting coffee despite not liking the bitter taste in order to keep himself up longer. He hummed as he turned, spotting his two sons on the couch. Usually they would say good morning as they heard Phil come down the stairs but it seems as if they were distracted.*

*With a mug still in hand Phill made his way over to the two looking down to see what they were looking at. They both were rummaging through old photos from when Phil started fostering them and the two were starting to warm up to the house, each other, him.*

*“Nostalgic are we?” Phil chuckled, taking another sip of the bitter coffee and sitting next to them.*

*“You could say that.” Wilbur smiled, Techno trying to hide his own.*

*“With how much we joke about you being old Phil you're only in your thirties and your children are twenty” Techno said plainly. Phil could feel they were getting at something but just brushed it off as they finally admit he's not as old as they make it out to be.*

*“Yeah, guess I've never really thought about that” he chuckled, going to take another sip from the mug.*

*“Y'know Dadza, people your age are only now starting to have children” He immediately spat out his sip, slightly choking and putting the mug of coffee down.*

*“Alright! What are you shits trying to get at!” He laughed after he finally managed to get down the rest of the drink.*

*“So, I went on that old foster website I use to be on-“*

*“Oh no” the older cut him off.*

*“Hear me out! There's this kid I met before, he's super loud and annoying and so very endearing. He's like me! Please Phil we have to foster him your going to love him!” Techno nodded along having already been convinced when Wilbur dragged him into a hour long conversation and threatening not to be his potato recipe tester anymore.*

*“Will, your making it sound like I'm getting a dog, how old even is this kid?” He didn't say no Wilbur's mind supplied.*

*“When I met him I’m pretty sure he was around twelve but now he’s fifteen! Please Phil, I want to give him a good home. He really is a good kid.” Again Techno nodded, now putting away the old photos in order as they were no longer useful to their plan.*

*“Will-“*

*“Dad please, he’s like no one you ever met before, and I want to give him a good home. He really is a good kid. And I already have a feeling he’ll fit right in” Wilbur begged, “In case Wilbur dies I need a second potato tester” Techno added in a hush tone. Phil started chewing on his bottom lip before sighing.*

*“Let me take a look at his file”*

*“YES-“ Wilbur hit his knee on the small coffee table in front of them, “OW” Phil chuckled, children.*

*It’s been a week since they looked into getting Tommy.*

*They were all sitting in the living room, Wilbur pacing as he waited for a knock on the door. He was so excited to be able to see Tommy again, hopefully the boy hasn’t changed much although if he did Wilbur will promise him he’ll be there to help.*

*Techno made several offhanded comments about Wilbur’s excitement while Phil was trying to calm him down. He could see Tommy fitting right along with their dynamic.*

*Phil left the room hearing a bang on the window, probably some bird Phil always had some weird soft spot for them. Phil started shouting something from the other room but Wilbur wasn’t all too focused on it until he felt a hand on his shoulder.*

*He whipped over to see Techno with a serious look on his face as Phil came inside holding an actual injured crow. For some reason the crow made no move to get out of Phil's grip just leaning into the touch like a wounded puppy.*

*Their was shouting as the ground shook, before they knew it bombs rain from the sky. It was literal hell.*

...

Before Wilbur knew it he was standing in front of a door in which he heard sobbing on the other side. He sucked in a breath as he shakily knocked on the door, warning the person on the other side before slowly opening up the door.

Tommy sat on one of the beds, probably the same one he's been sleeping on for the past two weeks. He sees Shroud sitting by his parental figure?, looking worried and rubbing circles in the others back to provide comfort.

Tommy tilted his head up to see Wilbur and immediately balled his fist, using his palms to wipe away the tears.

“Um, Shroud, yeah? Do you mind if you could go back with the others? Or even out in the hall. Me and Tommy need to have a chat.” The spider hybrid scrunched up his facing looking over at the Blonde. Tommy nodded his head and the kids face softened looking at Wilbur and nodding.

Shroud slipped off the bed giving Wilbur some look before coming out into the hall not bothering to close the door on his way out. Wilbur listens to the echoing of footsteps for a bit before sighing and closing the door behind him. The piglin hybrid started walking over to Tommy's side taking Shrouds place.

“Hey, nice to see you again for two seconds before that fucker ruined my day” Tommy wetly laughed.

“Yeah it was,” Wilbur chuckled, “Can I hug you?” Tommy lifted his eyes, still filled with tears and glazed over and just stared at Wilbur for a second. Without saying anything Tommy leaned forward and already had his arms around his shoulders.

Wilbur shifted into a more comfortable position and hugged back as Tommy tried to bite back sobs.

“Hey, hey it’s okay to cry. Just let it out” Wilbur rubbed the blondes back as Tommy cried. And holy shit did Tommy fucking cry.

He was tired, so very tired. Tired of being treated like a pity case his whole life and if not it was replaced with hatred and abuse. He was tired of pretending everything will be fine now since Shroud was safe, he still had no clue what they wanted from him. And most of all he was tired of not being able to grieve. To feel grief for his mother, for Clementine, for his past, childhood. He could go on.

Tommy just continued to sob in the other's arms, he barely knew the man, hadn't even talked to him in *years* . But this felt right, safe funny enough, it’s been awhile since he's truly felt that. Fuck Sam.

As Tommy calmed down he didn’t even lift his head, just laid there on Wilbur's chest as he hiccuped every minute or so, calming down. Wilbur didn’t even make a move to, well, move, his hand stopped rubbing his back in soothing circles and instead he now played with his hair. It was now in a sloppy ponytail but Tommy couldn’t be bothered to fix it.

“It’s not fair Will” the piglin grunted for Tommy to continue after a second, “I’ve worked so hard to make it to this point and it all comes tumbling down” Tommy adjusted his arms as he now was hugging Wilbur’s chest instead to get more comfortable. He can tell their going to be like this for a bit.

“I fucking- I fucking tried to- to kill myself just because I felt like I wasn’t enough, even now the thought still lingers” Tommy was quiet. Wilbur stopped running his hand through the humans hair for a second before returning his tail protectively wrapped around the others leg.

“I know what you mean, I was the same when I was younger. Of course I was nowhere near your conditions” he chuckled causing Tommy to smile a bit, “But I at least kinda get it, and I don’t want that for you Tommy. Y’know you’re allowed to stay right? I’m sure we can work something out with Sam. Never liked him anyways, knew he was a bastard.” They stayed quiet for a second before Wilbur began to speak again.

“You mentioned the first day you saw someone you knew die, yeah? I’m assuming it was Clementine” Wilbur said sadly.

“How do you know it was he-“ Tommy tried to lift his head to make eye contact with Wilbur but the older man instead just pushed Tommy back down, but rude but he’d like to explain himself. “Calm down, you’re alright. Don’t worry I knew Clem too, we were- we were going to foster you before this whole thing happened.” This time Tommy successfully lifted his head up to look at the brunette.

“What?” Tommy didn’t sound hurt in any way, more so lost.

“Heh, yeah I uh- I remembered you randomly and just couldn’t help but see if you were on that same stupid website I was on as well when I was in the foster system. You were there and I managed to convince Techno and Phil to agree, they were just as excited as me” he grinned, “okay maybe not *as* excited as me but they were”

Wilbur looked at the younger fondly, immediately being slapped in the face ouch. Tommy slammed his head back into his chest causing him to grunt.

“What the fuck was that for!?” Wilbur asked, trying to look Tommy in the eyes but the boy was too far into his chest.

“I still had some pent up energy from Sam, and your a fucking idiot.” Tommy’s voice was muffled by the yellow sweater, “Thank you” he croaked.



Wilbur sighed smiling, “y’know if you wanted we could still be a family or at least try to be if you’re up to it” Tommy looked up at Wilbur “really?”

“Of course! Though I don’t know how Phil would feel about being a grandpa, I’d make a great uncle though!” Tommy chuckled wetly.

“Yeah I would like that” Tommy couldn’t help the tear that rolled down his cheek.

## Chapter End Notes

Oh god one more chapter to go and this will be over :0 that’s insane if I’m going to be honest I never really thought I’d finish this.

Hope you enjoyed crimeboys btw :) had this scene planned out for a long time so it feels good to finally write it.

Got any questions just ask!

# Sunrise

## Chapter Notes

Heavily advise to listen to “We’ll meet again” By Vera Lynn :)

Go back to chapter 11 if you need a refresher to see why the song is important! You do not need to though.

WARNING: suicide is briefly mentioned!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A disc is gently laid on a record player by dark clawed hands.

### ***“We’ll meet again”***

*Shroud starts to gently place the fragile disc in his backpack, it was his favorite from the night before (of course it was the first one as well). Both had made a small bed on the floor in the music shop so Tommy was busy shoving the blankets in the duffel bag. It’s truly amazing how they manage to fit so much in the duffel bag anyways.*

*Shroud zipped up the backpack making sure the top of the disc wasn’t hit by the zipper. After that he watched as Tommy finally managed to put everything inside the duffel bag, swiping a few hairs out of his eyes.*

*“Hey mom, if you could picture a perfect life. What would be yours?” Shroud asked curiously out of nowhere. Though it’s not that much out of character for the boy.*

*“Never really thought about it big man,” he hummed, “you go first” Tommy had a knowing smile.*

*“Well, it’d be me and you andddd, we would have a cool house. No, treehouse!” The older one chuckled, “There won’t be any monsters roaming around either, and everyone isn’t mean*

*towards each other just because they're a hybrid." Tommy smiled sadly.*

*"Anything else?"*

*"And I'd have epic superpowers!" The younger grinned, picking up the backpack from the floor.*

*"Sounds nice" Tommy slung the duffel bag over his shoulder.*

*"So, what about you?"*

*"Hmm, We would have somewhere nice to live. It wouldn't be the apocalypse as well, hybrids are accepted, we'd be able to afford basic needs. You would also be able to do some actual fucking schooling. And I think that's it." He huffed.*

*"Really? You wouldn't change what happened in the past or anything?" Tommy paused seemingly in thought.*

*"Nope! Even if my life was shitty I don't think I'd change anything, and honestly I don't even know why but... I think that's okay," a genuine smile spread across Tommy's face, "and I would also have super fucking cool superpowers" Shroud giggled following Tommy.*

Tommy tends to think about that conversation quite a bit. He doesn't know why he wouldn't have change his past if he got the chance, and he knows it's definitely not because of that stupid bullshit about how his trauma made him stronger. He was a kid, still *is* a kid even if he says he's not, he shouldn't have had to deal with all that shit. No one should have to.

With this he feels a bit guilty. Hypothetically if he was given the chance to save his Mom from committing suicide he... wouldn't. Of course he loved her but it's complicated, the same with being in foster care as well. He wouldn't changed it if he had the chance, and by god did he fucking hate that place. Maybe it makes him an asshole but it's the truth.

So as Tommy sits there watching the sunrise he couldn't help but be a bit grateful. It was weird but he was happy to sit here with Shroud laying down on the bench with his head on in his lap. And with everything else of course.

### **It's been two weeks**

After Tommy's conversation with Wilbur it was a bit awkward at first with adjusting with the camp. Everyone knew his whole thing with Sam, which he doesn't regret too much, the bitch still deserved to be exposed. But they also knew that he was a bit of a mess, a troubled kid if you want to go by what he's been called almost all his life.

In the end he was doing well, after a week everyone started to nag him about going to Puffy for therapy. Even the ram hybrid herself would offer it whenever he was in the cafeteria, which wasn't much, he preferred not to because of the whole Sam incident and him being there.

A few days ago he agreed that as long as Shroud went he'd go. So he has a therapy appointment with Puffy this afternoon.

Him and Shroud got their own room as well, though you'd find both in separate rooms most of the time. Or just in a different room in general, Tommy actually started hanging around Tubbo and Ranboo the apparently platonically married couple. And Shroud would have fun with Micheal.

His heart warmed everytime he would glance away from Tubbo's fast hand motions while explaining a story and see Shroud smiling with the other. The thing that made him the happiest about this place was that his kid could be a, well, kid. Something he barely got in his own childhood.

As Tubbo, Ranboo and him are a trio, Phil, Techno, Wilbur and Tommy are a potential family. It was Phil that Tommy struggled to connect to the most. He never really had any type

of father figure in his life and shit like that. Never even had one before he was taken in by the system.

It was a few days later after the incident that he finally really spoke to Phil properly. A true one on one without Wilbur or Techno there to support the conversation. The blonde didn't mean to disrupt the winged man when he was preening but he did. After quite a long conversation with the fellow blonde he ended up helping the other preen. Saying if his sons trust Tommy then Phil will as well.

He says potential family because he's a bit scared of it. He doesn't want to ruin their whole thing even if they said countless times their chill with him. Despite that Tommy's scared of that one mistake and they'll send him back, even if this was the apocalypse now and there's no way he'll be in the system any time soon his mind still screams it. He believes he's improving though, hopefully.

They're moments where Tommy would walk past Wilbur's room peeking inside to find him with a guitar in arms showing Shroud a few cords. Moments where Techno is reading to Shroud about some Greek story. Moments where Shroud has dragged Phil to draw with him. Moments like those he can't help but grin and have his heart swell and echo *family*.

He also catches moments where Wilbur would tell Phil how old he is and how he's a grandpa now. Tommy snorts and just shakes his head fondly in which Wilbur would brightly tell Phil that Tommy isn't disagreeing. He's pretty sure the first time Shroud asked if Phil was his grandpa the man nearly had a heart attack.

He should probably address the whole Sam thing. He's pretty sure Sam has lost a lot of respect now, nobody has really mentioned the whole thing anymore. The only interaction he's really had with Sam these past two weeks were just glares from Tommy. There was one night Sam tried to apologize, key word *tried*, the man just went back into a loop afterwards making excuses again. Tommy cursed him out before going to bed, telling the creeper hybrid if he even breathed in the direction of Shroud again he'll murder his arse.

Other than that Tommy guesses he's tolerable, still having to hold back throwing his fist at the man's face but tolerable. Eret suggested the idea of throwing him out of the camp but Tommy told him not to. As much as he still wants to strangle him he's still human, or, was. And humans tend to make mistakes, even if those mistakes are the shittiest things ever. They do.

“It’s beautiful, isn’t mate” Tommy turns his head to see Phil up on the hill with them. Tommy hums in acknowledgment.

“It is, and if you disagree you’re immediately a wrong’un” Phil chuckles. He sees Techno walking up the hill as well, Wilbur following the man panting as he probably ran up the hill to catch up.

“Huh, so this is where you go in the morning” Techno points out.

“Are you judging Blade?” He raises a brow.

“No not at all” The man put his hands up in mock surrender.

“Jesus Christ I think that’s the most exercise I’ve had in awhile” Wilbur huffed while sitting by Tommy on the bench while Phil and Techno chose to stand behind them.

“Maybe you’re not that old mommy” Shroud says, eyes closed as if he was sleeping but at last he’s not. Tommy wheezed.

“Oi! I thought I was the favorite uncle!” Wilbur added, Shroud smirked but didn’t say anything else, opening his eyes once again to enjoy the view.

“Techno’s just always been better, sorry Will.”

“Gremlin” Wilbur ruffled his hair.

## ***WHVOOP***

Tommy flinches at the sound before shortly realizing that it was just Ranboo. Tubbo moves from behind him, Micheal in his arms. He didn't know the enderman hybrid could teleport people with him.... He has so many crimes to plan.

"Hey Bossman!" Tubbo walks over to the bench with Micheal still in his arms, Shroud moves into a sitting position, still clinging onto his parental figure's side. Tubbo sat down smiling before realizing the sight before them with a gasp.

Ranboo joins Techno and Phil standing behind the bench slightly leaning a bit forward due to exhaustion.

"Tubbo woke me up for this" he grumbled.

"As he fucking should, never miss a good sunrise." The goat hybrid nodded his head enthusiastically.

Everyone now watched as the Sun rises and Tommy couldn't help the dumb smile plastered on his face. Shroud puts his head on his shoulder sighing contently as Tommy starts to play with his hair once again.

"Fuck, I never really did anything for your birthday. I'm sorry Shroud" Tommy gives the boy an apologetic look, guilt filled his heart. Shroud just smiled.

"Yeah you did, you got me to the camp! I think that's a pretty good birthday gift" Tommy went to argue but the spider hybrid gave him an unimpressed look. The blonde grumbled and Shroud grinned, satisfied with the victory.

He thinks could get used to this.

***“But I know we’ll meet again***

***Some sunny day”*** The woman's voice fades as the song ends.

Tommy and Shroud made it.

## Chapter End Notes

AND ITS A WRAP :D

PLEASE READ!! (If you want to of course)

Holy shit this is the last chapter. This little idea I had and just decided to start writing September 6th turned into this! That’s insane. Welp time to do my first ever long authors note lmao.

Now that this is over I just wanted to say this fic had so so so many outcomes I was planning on. Did you know that I was actually going to make Tommy a hybrid? His whole thing was that he’s a human and I was going to make him a hybrid! I also was just going to have him die at some point as well. I was even going to have like a whole Dream turning Tommy into a hybrid, like he was supposed to guard Tommy during the night n shit. It’s so wild how things actually turned out.

If you have any questions or if things didn’t make sense to you just comment and ask! And fucking thank you to everyone who commented, holy shit you guys always make my day. And when people were commenting about their hatred for TMKMS!Sam I’m being honest when I say I couldn’t stop laughing. So Thank you commenters your legit so cool and so sweet<3

ALSO THANKS TO EVERYONE WHO READ THIS DESPITE ME SAYING IT WAS MY FIRST FIC! I know it can throw some people off at first so to the people who just went and read it anyways thank you so much :D My writing has improved and all of you really motivated me.



I would also like to say this isn't the end of my whole parent Tommy and Shroud! I have another fic planned (hinted it a bit in this chapter ;) ) but it's going to be big so I probably won't write it any time soon. Check out my other fic too! It's mainly a Bedrockbros fic right now but I promise it'll turn into a sbi one in the future lmao  
All my socials are Sp00ky\_here, I'm on everything!!! Mainly do art there, but I do talk about updating and my progress on my fics there as well!

With that Thank you again! And if you ever wanna read another Tommy and Shroud fic I have a little something planned for this summer ;) ONCE AGAIN THANK YOU ALL  
SO FUCKING MUCH WHSJSISISKSOEHSOSOSOSBS<33

## End Notes

HOPE YOU ENJOYED o/  
(This is my first fic so sorry if it's a bit bad at first)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!